



No. 117

Ten Cents

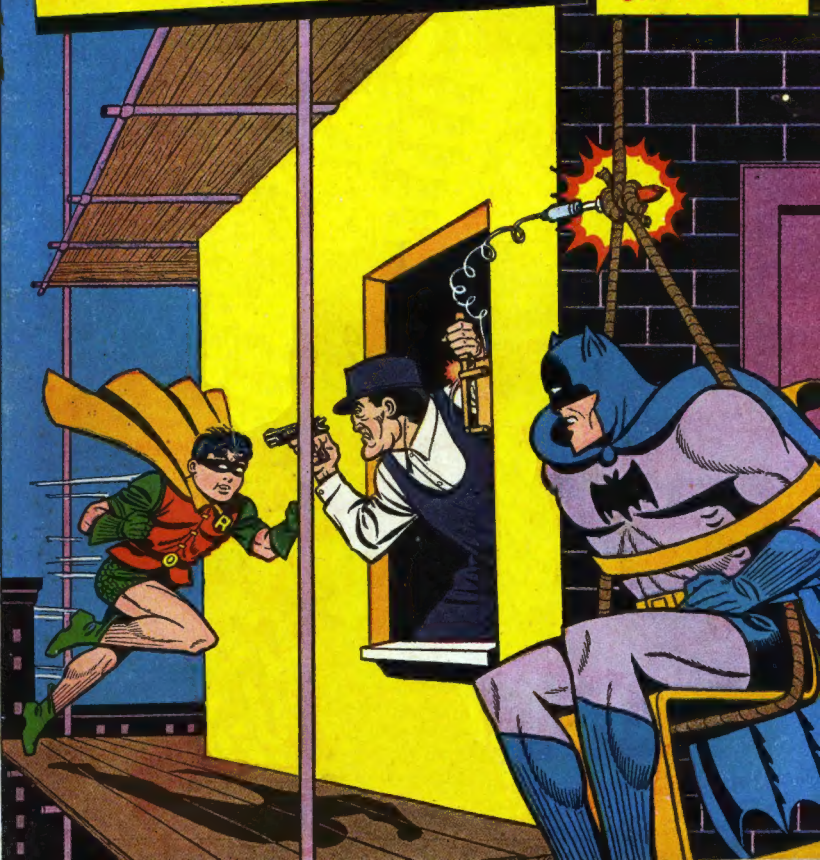
NOV.  
1946



BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

BATMAN  
and ROBIN  
FACE GRIM  
MENACE IN  
"Steeplejack's  
Showdown"



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HE'S STUBBORN, BUT YES!  
HE INSISTS ON THIS SYMBOL,  
HE'LL TAKE NOTHING LESS!



- ON THE COVER OF  
**MORE FUN  
COMICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
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IN **ANY COMIC**  
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# BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN  
BOY WONDER -

WHAT KEEPS THE SKYLINE UP? NOT STEEL AND STONE ALONE - BUT MEN, SKILLED AND DARING, AT HOME IN THE CLOUDS ABOVE AMERICA'S HUGE CITIES! AND MORE THAN ROPES AND SCAFFOLDS, IT IS NERVE THAT KEEPS THE SKYLINE WORKER ALOFT - COLD, STEADY NERVE, WITHOUT WHICH HE IS DOOMED ... AS BATMAN AND ROBIN REALIZE WHEN THEY SCALE PINNACLES OF PERIL TO AID A YOUNG WAR VETERAN, BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH DISASTER IN A THRILLING -

**'STEEPLEJACK'S SHOWDOWN!'**







IT TAKES MEN OF DARING TO WORK ON TALL STRUCTURES, ON FLIMSY PLATFORMS, BUFFETED BY WINDS THAT WHINE AROUND SWAYING STEEL...



AND SOMETIMES COURAGE ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH!

GREAT GUNS—THE BRACKET PULLED LOOSE! HOLD ONTO THAT ROPE!

HELP!



THAT WAS CLOSE, BEN!

TOO CLOSE! THERE ARE EASIER WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING—AND I'M LOOKING FOR ONE!



SO, BOB SKELLY, WAR VETERAN, OWNER OF THE SKYLINE STEEPLEJACK CO., FACES A PROBLEM...

SORRY YOU LOST YOUR NERVE, BEN! WE LEARNED IN THE WAR THAT THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT BACK WAS TO KEEP FIGHTING!

YEAH? I DON'T SEE YOU RISKING YOUR NECK SINCE YOUR DAD GOT KILLED IN THAT FALL!



HE'S RIGHT! I OUGHT TO BE WORKING UP THERE WITH MY MEN!

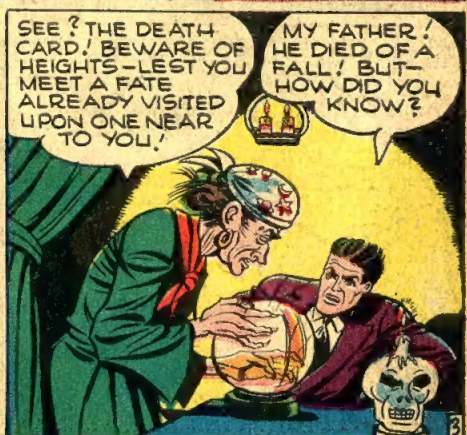
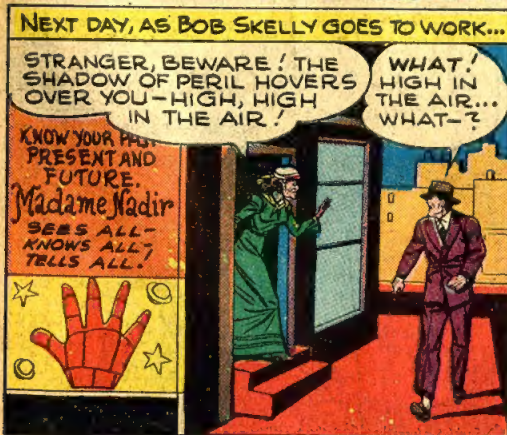
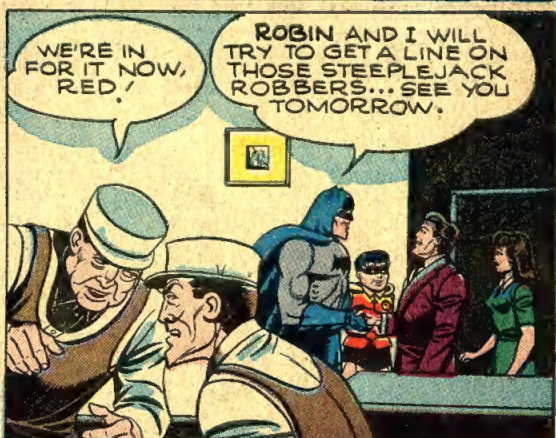
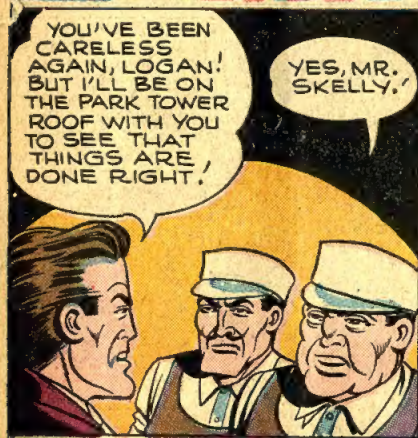
OH, NO, BOB! NOT TILL YOU'VE RESTED FROM YOUR WAR SERVICE!



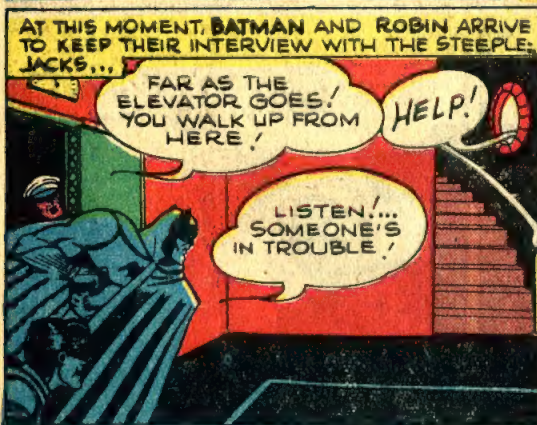
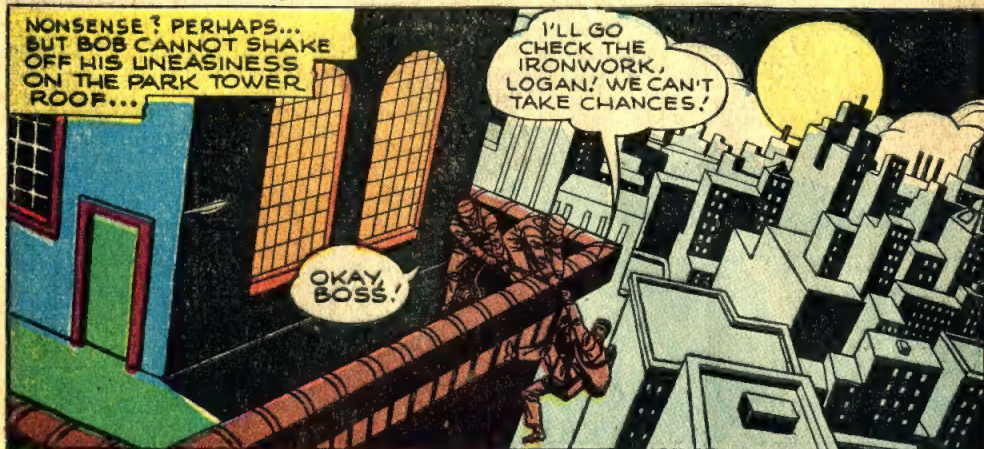
BESIDES, I NEED MONEY FOR THE KIND OF HOME YOU DESERVE! REMEMBER—WE'RE BEING MARRIED!

I'D RATHER LIVE IN A HOVEL THAN HAVE YOU FACING DANGER EVERY DAY!











A CAPED FIGURE SWOOPS—AND A SLENDER SILKEN CORD CHEATS DEATH!

HERE I GO... THE GYPSY WAS RIGHT!

NOT IF ROBIN DID A GOOD JOB OF TYING THIS ROPE TO THE STAIR POST!

PRESENTLY...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

THE PULLEY ROPE SLIPPED FROM LOGAN'S HAND!

WAR FATIGUE CAN MAKE AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THIS PRETTY BAD! YOU'D BETTER TAKE A REST.

I CAN'T DO THAT, BATMAN— BUT I WILL LAY OFF THE ROPE JOBS!

LOGAN... HMM... WELL SO LONG! ROBIN AND I MUST GET AFTER THOSE STEEPLEJACK THIEVES!

THANKS AGAIN, BATMAN!

SO, FROM NOW ON HE'LL WATCH US TWICE AS CLOSE!

YEAH! IT'S NOT SO GOOD!





BOB SKELLY'S COURAGE IS GREATER THAN MOST MEN'S, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS A MAN CAN'T FIGHT!



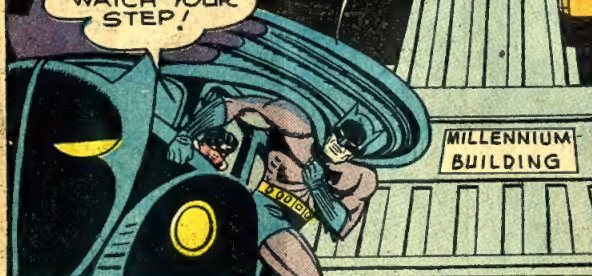




A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER...

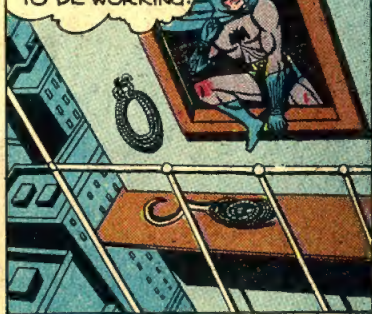
I'M GOING UP  
ROBIN! YOU CRUISE  
AROUND AND SEE IF  
YOU CAN SPOT BOB  
SKELLY!

OKAY—BUT  
WATCH YOUR  
STEP!

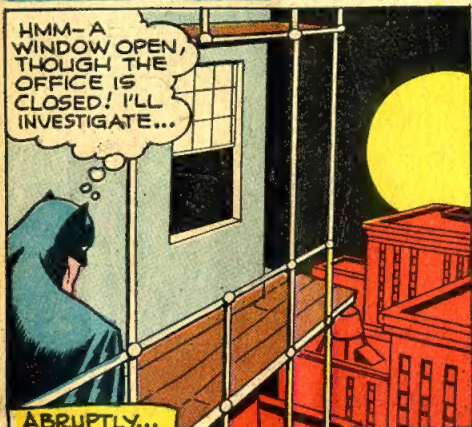


UP, UP TO THE BUILDING'S TOWER,  
THEN...

STRANGE...  
NOBODY HERE! YET  
LOGAN AND RED  
ARE SUPPOSED  
TO BE WORKING.



HMM—A  
WINDOW OPEN,  
THOUGH THE  
OFFICE IS  
CLOSED! I'LL  
INVESTIGATE...



ABRUPTLY...

IN THE OFFICE OF A LARGE LOAN  
COMPANY...

LOVELY GREEN-  
BACKS—COME  
TO PAPA!

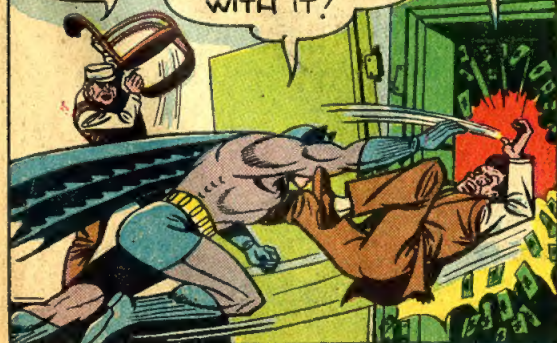
NOW THAT  
THE BOSS IS  
SCARED OFF  
THE JOB, WE'LL  
CLEAN UP!



YOU  
AGAIN!

IF YOU LIKE  
MONEY SO WELL,  
GET IN THERE  
WITH IT!

AH-H-H!



BUT BEFORE THE CAPED WARRIOR  
CAN RECOVER HIS BALANCE...

NICE WORK,  
LOGAN! I'LL  
GET SOME  
ROPE, AND—

ROPE!  
NOTHING!  
HAND ME  
THAT BIG  
WRENCH...





AND THE UNCONSCIOUS BATMAN IS TIED UP WITH BANDS OF STEEL!..

HE'LL NEVER BREAK OUT OF THIS!

YES, HE WILL - WHEN HE HITS THE PAVEMENT, 100-ODD STORIES BELOW! BUT THE CHAIR WILL BREAK, SO NO ONE WILL KNOW HE WAS CLAMPED IN!



A LOOP OF ROPE IS PASSED AROUND THE CHAIR AND -

SWING HIM OUT - THEN TURN ON THE ELECTRIC SOLDERING IRON TO BURN THE ROPE!

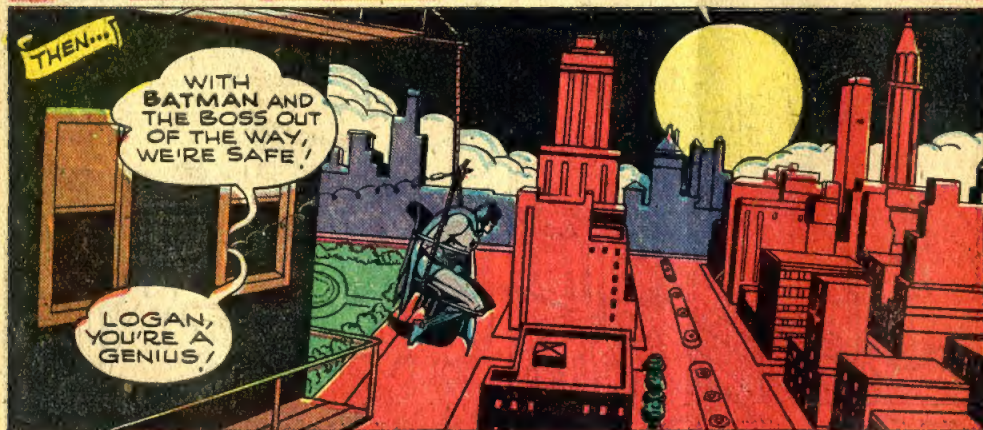
YEAH - AND BY THE TIME HE DROPS, WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE!



THEN...

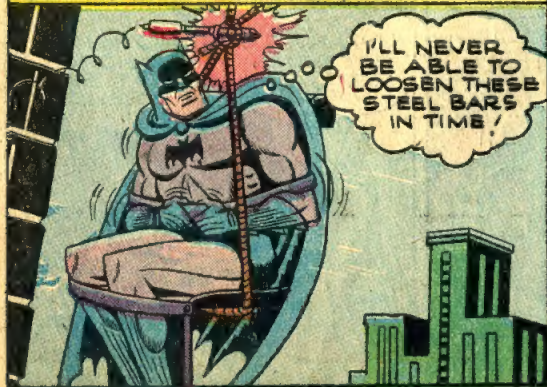
WITH BATMAN AND THE BOSS OUT OF THE WAY, WE'RE SAFE!

LOGAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS!



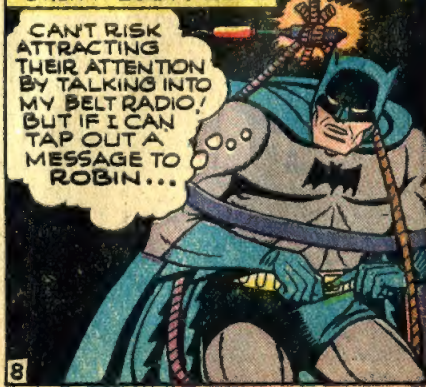
THEN BATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS! BUT WHAT CAN HE DO?

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LOOSEN THESE STEEL BARS IN TIME!



BUT HIS FINGERS CAN REACH HIS UTILITY BELT! SO...

CAN'T RISK ATTRACTING THEIR ATTENTION BY TALKING INTO MY BELT RADIO! BUT IF I CAN TAP OUT A MESSAGE TO ROBIN...





IN THE BATMOBILE, BLOCKS AWAY...

WHAT A JOB-LOOKING FOR SOMEONE IN A TOWN THIS SIZE! WHAT'S THAT TAPPING NOISE?... SOUNDS LIKE CODE!



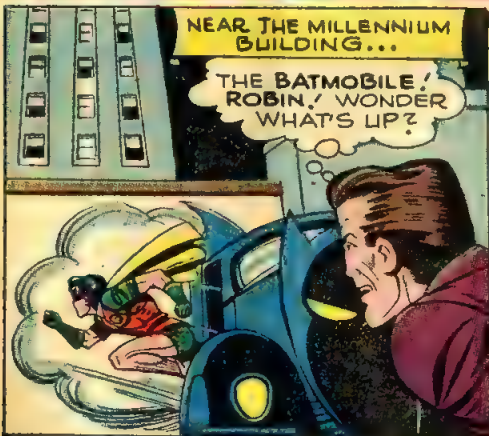
MEANWHILE, BOB SKELLY WANDERS AIMLESSLY, BROODING AND DESPERATE...

I'M A FAILURE! I'VE LOST MY NERVE! I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THAT GYPSY'S WARNING COME TRUE!



NEAR THE MILLENNIUM BUILDING...

THE BATMOBILE! ROBIN! WONDER WHAT'S UP?



BATMAN'S IN TROUBLE-- IN THE TOWER! COME ON...



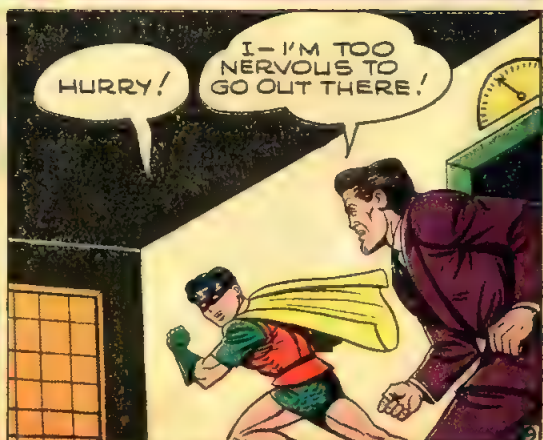
BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO, ROBIN? YOU'RE NO STEEPLE-JACK!

I'M NO ELEVATOR OPERATOR, EITHER-- BUT WE'RE GOING UP!

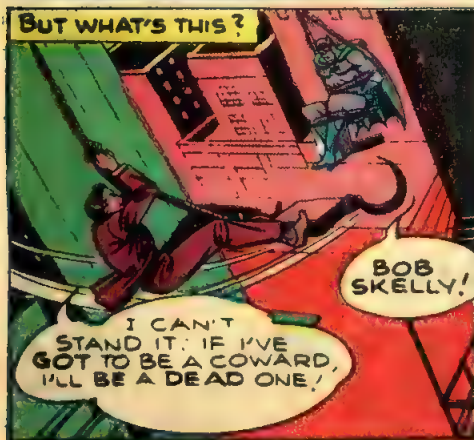
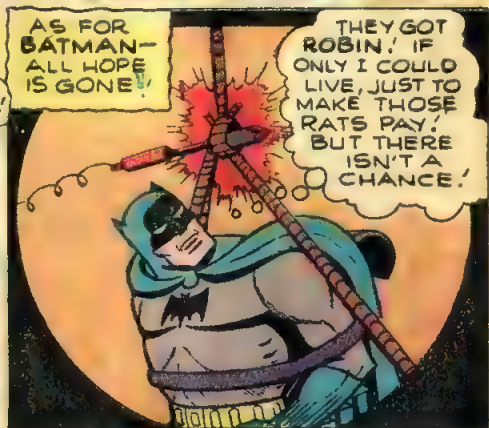
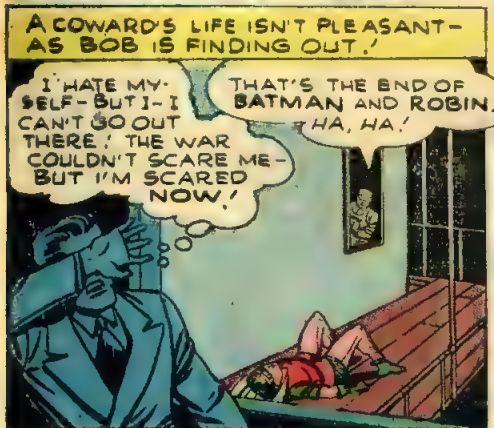
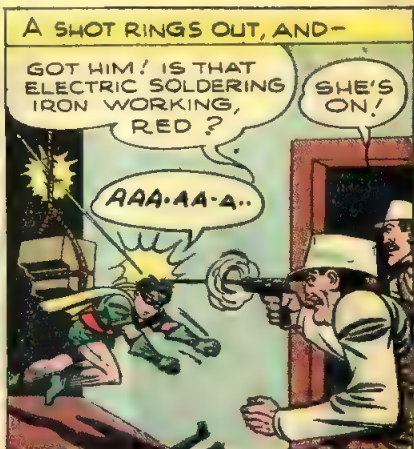
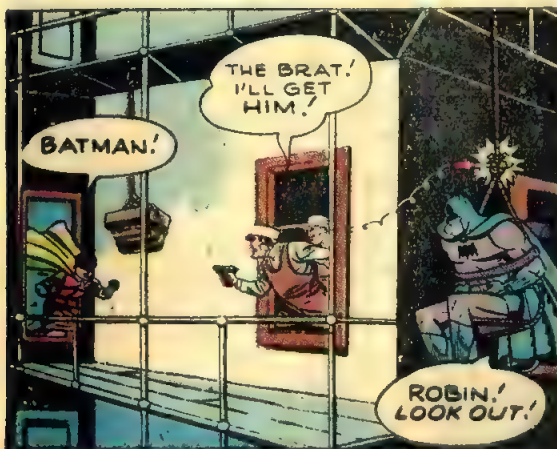


HURRY!

I-- I'M TOO NERVOUS TO GO OUT THERE!









BUT THE COMBINED STRENGTH OF TWO POWERFUL MEN SUCCEEDS WHERE BATMAN ALONE FAILED.

SO FAR SO GOOD—IF WE DON'T STOP A BULLET!

SWINGING THIS WAY, WE'RE A BAD TARGET!

SO YOUR GUN'S EMPTY, EH, LOGAN? IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN BULLETS TO STOP ME, ANYWAY!

THANKS FOR GIVING ME AN IDEA, BATMAN!

THE KID'S ONLY GRAZED—BUT ONE MOVE OUT OF YOU, AND DOWN HE GOES!

YOU DIRTY KILLER!

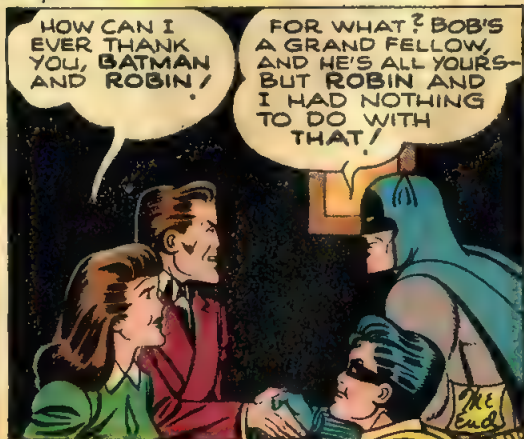
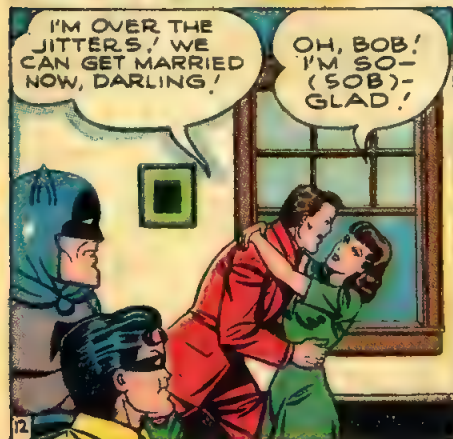
A STALEMATE ENDS ABRUPTLY AS A BULLET-FRAYED ROPE PARTS!

SNAP!

I'VE GOT YOU, ROBIN!

Y!





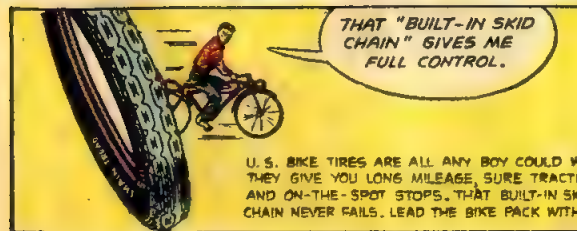
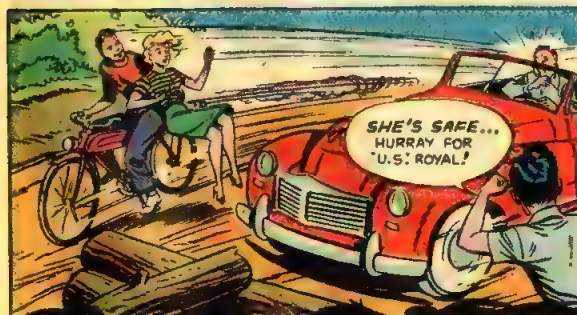
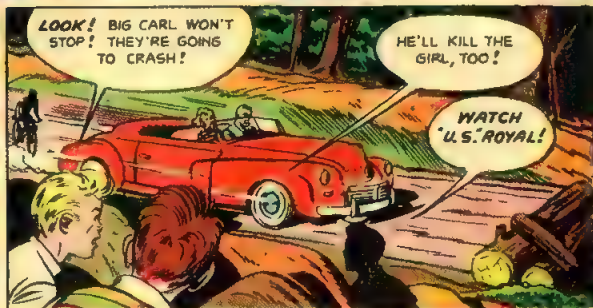
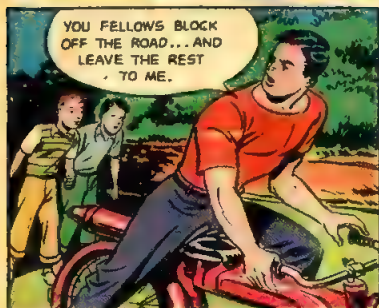
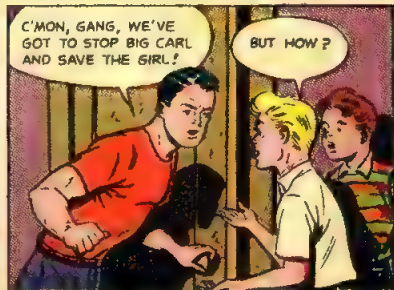
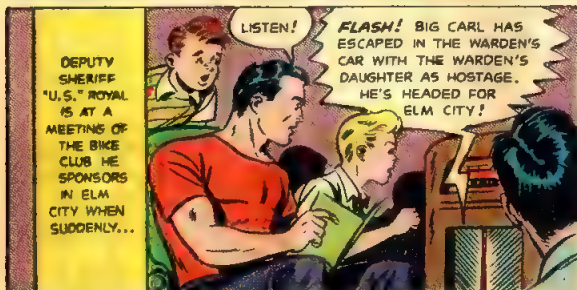


# U.S. ROYAL

AND HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## SAVING THE WARDEN'S DAUGHTER!



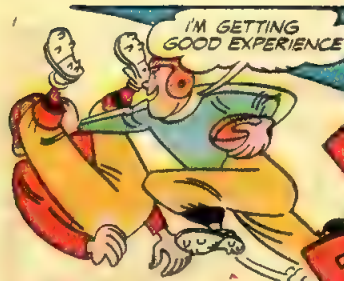
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America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
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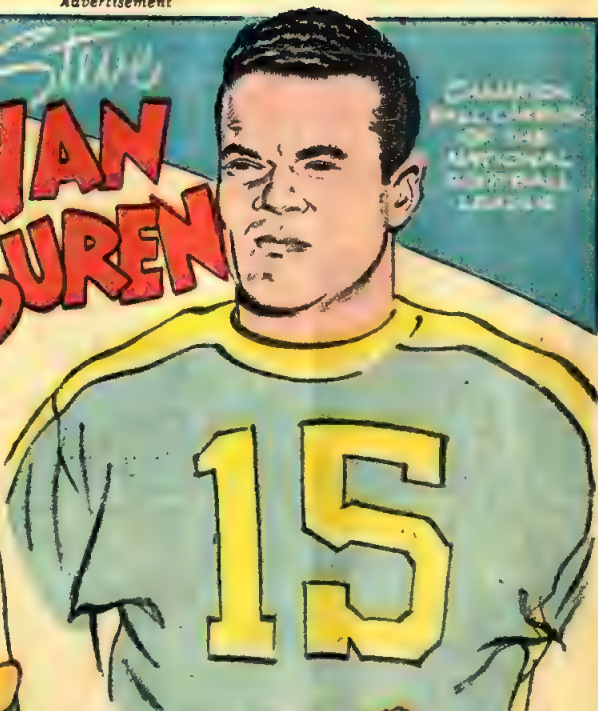


# VAN BUREN

IN 1945, HIS SECOND YEAR WITH THE PHILADELPHIA EAGLES, VAN BUREN TOTTED THE BALL AN AVERAGE OF 5.8 YARDS PER TRY. HE SET TWO NEW LEAGUE RECORDS--REGISTERING 16 TOUCHDOWNS AND SCORING 110 POINTS

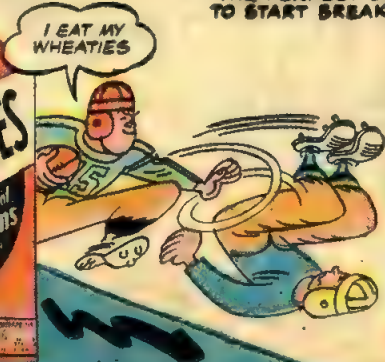


A TOUGH CUSTOMER IN AN OPEN FIELD, VAN BUREN LED THE LEAGUE IN PUNT AND KICKOFF RETURNS. HE HUNG UP THE LONGEST KICKOFF RETURN OF THE SEASON WITH A 98 YARD TOUCHDOWN RUN AGAINST THE NEW YORK GIANTS



CHAMPION  
OF THE  
NATIONAL  
FOOTBALL  
LEAGUE

"I LIKE A GOOD CEREAL AT BREAKFAST TIME," SAYS CHAMPION STEVE VAN BUREN. "AND MY BIG FAVORITE IS WHEATIES. WHEATIES HAVE A SWELL FLAVOR AND BEING FLAKES OF WHOLE WHEAT, THEY'RE GOOD FOR YOU, TOO. IN MY BOOK, WHEATIES WITH MILK AND FRUIT IS THE PERFECT DISH TO START BREAKFAST"



**WHEATIES**  
WITH MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT

## "Breakfast of Champions"



# AIR WAVE

THEY WERE THREE CLEVER CROOKS... ONE OF THEM COULD DISCOVER YOUR DEEPEST SECRET, NO MATTER HOW SOFTLY YOU WHISPERED IT... ANOTHER COULD OPEN THE TRICKIEST LOCK WITHOUT KEY OR COMBINATION... AND THE THIRD COULD SCALE THE MOST FORMIDABLE WALL! NO PRISON COULD HOLD THIS TALENTED TRIO, NOR WAS AN ORDINARY POLICE GUARD STRONG ENOUGH TO THWART THEM. THEREFORE, UPON MIGHTY AIR WAVE FALLS THE TICKLISH TASK OF SHORT-CIRCUITING THE TRIPLE-THREAT BURGLARS IN—

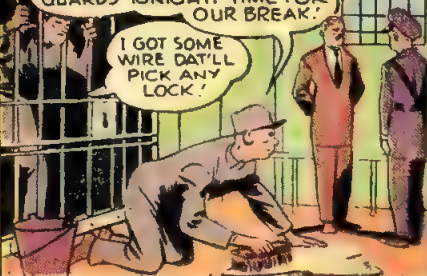
*"THREE'S A MOB!"*



THE  
ART OF  
LIP-  
READING  
IS USED  
EXPERTLY  
BY AN  
INMATE  
OF  
STATE  
PRISON

PSST! I CAN READ THE WARDEN'S LIPS. HE'S SAYIN' THEY'RE SHORT O' GUARDS TONIGHT! TIME FOR OUR BREAK!

I GOT SOME WIRE DAT'LL PICK ANY LOCK!



AND LIPS AND FINGERS ARE JOINED BY A THIRD TALENTED FELON.

I CAN OPEN ANY LOCK, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE A WAY TO GET OVER DA OUTSIDE WALL.



WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO? DIDN'T YA KNOW I'M DA HUMAN FLY BOIGLAR?



NO WALL CAN HOLD FLY! NO LOCK CAN RESIST FINGERS! AND LIPS CAN LISTEN IN ON ANYBODY'S SECRETS FROM AFAR! COMBINING THEIR TALENTS, THEY FORM AN UNBEATABLE COMBINE. THAT NIGHT...

WORK FAST! ONE OF THE GUARDS COMES THIS WAY SOON!

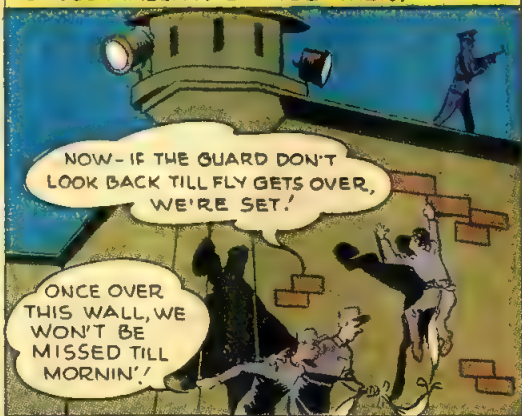
OKAY! I'LL GET YOU OUT IN A FLASH!



STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE WHEN MEN OF SUCH TALENTS GET TOGETHER.

NOW- IF THE GUARD DON'T LOOK BACK TILL FLY GETS OVER, WE'RE SET!

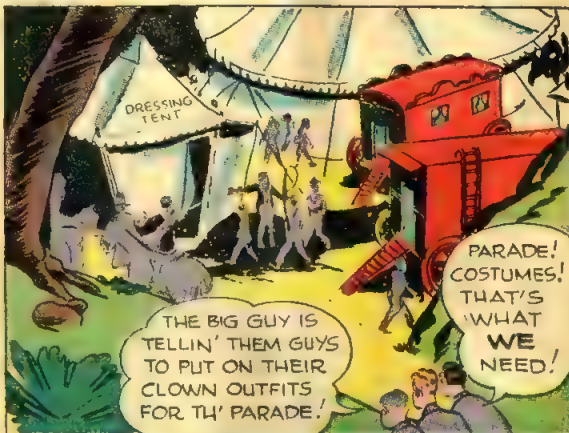
ONCE OVER THIS WALL, WE WON'T BE MISSED TILL MORNIN'!



DAWN FINDS THE FUGITIVES NEARING THE CITY...

WE NEED GRUB AN' CASH-AN' WE CAN'T GO INTO TOWN IN THESE PRISON CLOTHES!

LOOK! CARNIVAL TENTS!



THE BIG GUY IS TELLIN' THEM GUYS TO PUT ON THEIR CLOWN OUTFITS FOR TH' PARADE!

PARADE! COSTUMES! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED!

IN THE DRESSING TENT...

I'M SICK OF MAKIN' PEOPLE LAUGH!

I'D RATHER ACT IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES MYSELF!



SUDDENLY...

TAKE A DAY OFF, FUNNY-FACE!

COITAINS FOR YOUSE!





PRESENTLY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN IS DELAYED ON HIS WAY TO HIS OFFICE BY THE CARNIVAL PARADE...



HEAR HOW THOSE THREE CROOKS ESCAPED LAST NIGHT?

YEAH! I WAS GUARDIN' THE PAYROLL AT THE COUNTY BUILDING, SO I WAS AROUND WHEN THE ALARM CAME.

TOO FAR AWAY TO OVERHEAR, OUR FUGITIVES NEVERTHELESS EAVESDROP ON THE D.A.'S CONVERSATION!

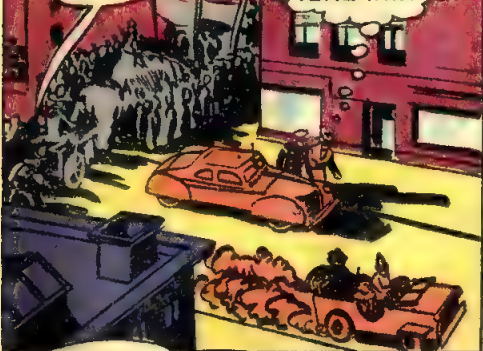


PIPE THIS! TH' COP SAYS THERE'S A PAYROLL IN TH' COUNTY BUILDIN' SAFE!

I'LL PULL OUT O' LINE AT DA NEXT CORNER AN' WE'LL MAKE A FAST TOUCH!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? COME BACK HERE!

THREE OF THEM-AND THOSE FLAPJACK LIPS HAVE A FAMILIAR LOOK! MAYBE AIR WAVE HAD BETTER TUNE IN...



IN A NEARBY ALLEY...

IMAGINE, LEAVIN' A PAYROLL IN A ROOM WITH TH' WINDOW OPEN!

WHY NOT? IT'S LOCKED IN DA SAFE-AN' NOT EVERYBODY IS A GENIUS ON LOCKS LIKE ME!



DERE'S DA SAFE! TINK YA CAN OPEN IT, FINGER?

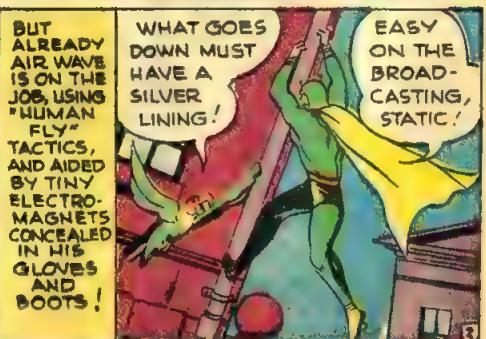
GIMME TWO MINUTES! DATS ALL I NEED!



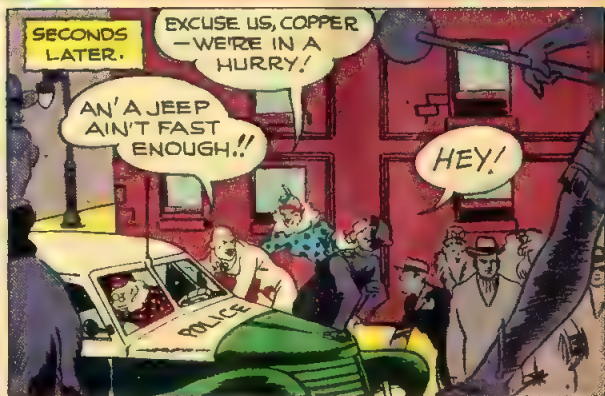
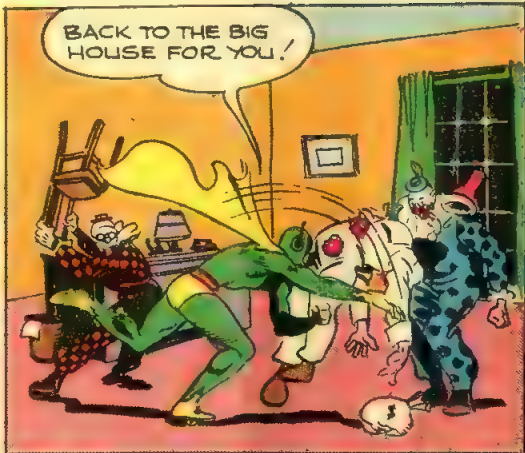
BUT ALREADY AIR WAVE IS ON THE JOB, USING "HUMAN FLY" TACTICS, AND AIDED BY TINY ELECTRO-MAGNETS CONCEALED IN HIS GLOVES AND BOOTS!

WHAT GOES DOWN MUST HAVE A SILVER LINING!

EASY ON THE BROADCASTING, STATIC!









THAT AFTERNOON, MEMBERS OF THE D.A.'S STAFF WATCH THEIR CHIEF SUSPICIOUSLY...

I WON'T BE HOME TONIGHT... I'VE GOT TICKETS FOR A SHOW... I WON'T BE HOME...

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN TALKING TO HIMSELF LIKE THIS?

FOR AN HOUR. FRANKLY, I'M WORRIED!



BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE A METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

IT'S OKAY! HE'S TELLIN' SOMEONE HE WON'T BE HOME TONIGHT.

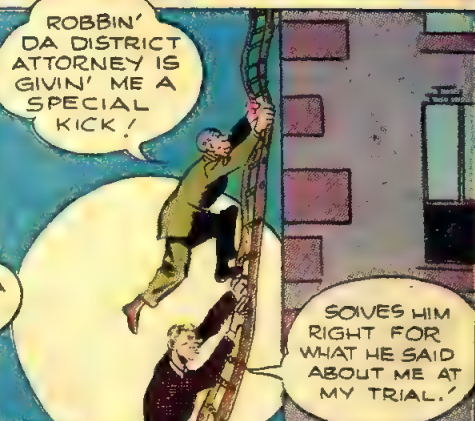
AIN'T IT THOUGHTFUL O' HIM TA LEAVE DA COAST CLEAR FER US?



AS DARKNESS CLOAKS THE CITY...



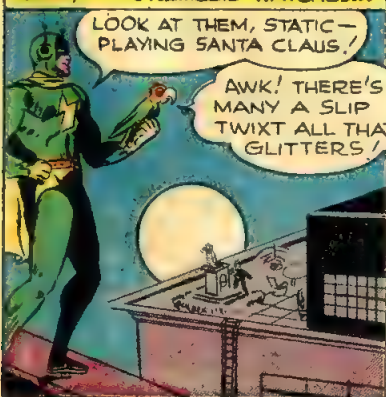
WHAT A CLIMB! NOW TO LOWER DA ROPE LADDER FOR DA OTHERS!



ROBBIN' DA DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS GIVIN' ME A SPECIAL KICK!

SOVES HIM RIGHT FOR WHAT HE SAID ABOUT ME AT MY TRIAL!

BUT, LIKE A SPECTRE OF THE NIGHT, THEIR NEMESIS WATCHES...



LOOK AT THEM, STATIC-PLAYING SANTA CLAUS!

AWK! THERE'S MANY A SLIP TWIXT ALL THAT GLITTERS!

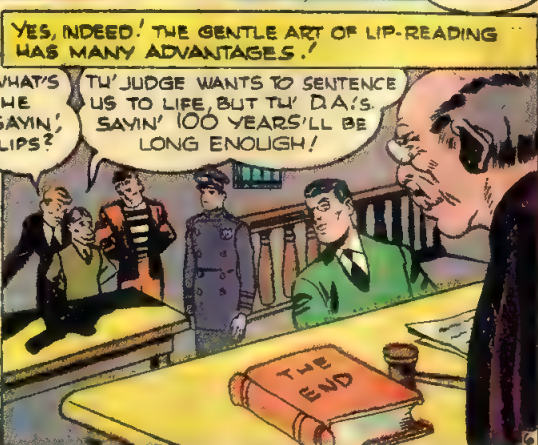
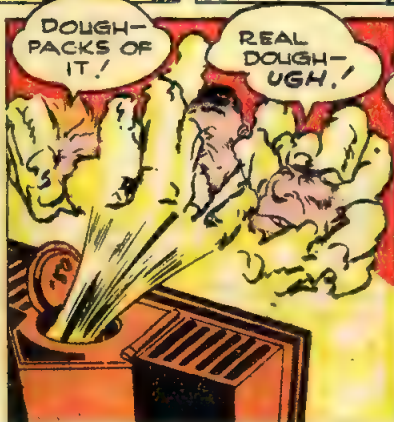
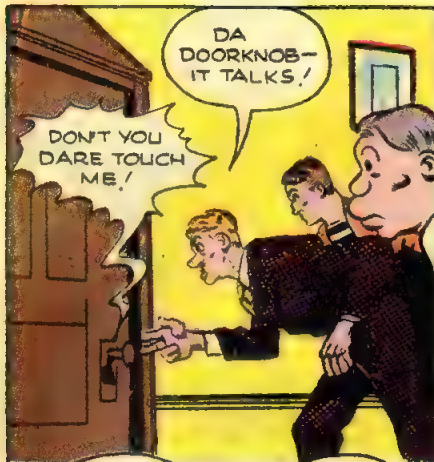


NOW, WHERE'S THE SAFE? - HUH-?

HERE I AM - MASQUERADING AS A CLOCK!

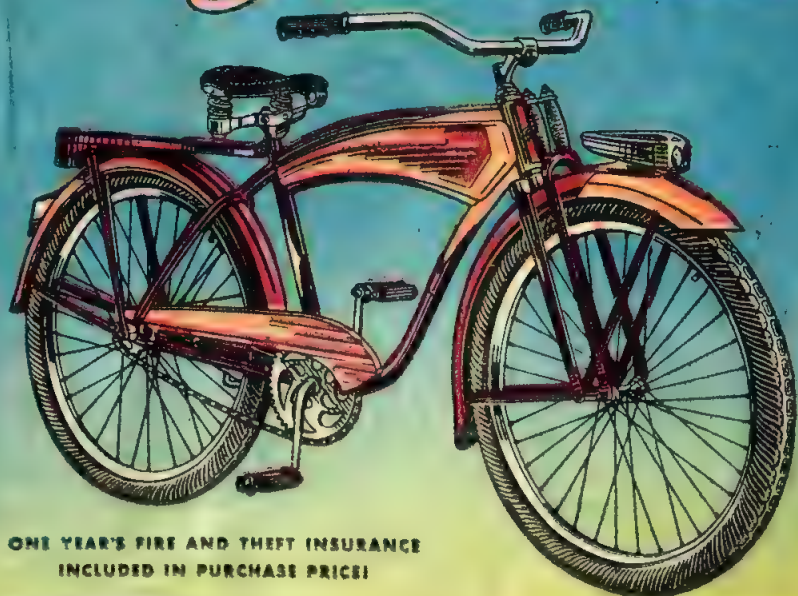
OOOH-H- SOMETHING'S PHONEY! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!







THE NEW  
**MONARK**  
*Super Deluxe*  
 PICTURE BIKES OF AMERICA!



ONE YEAR'S FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE  
 INCLUDED IN PURCHASE PRICE!

"THAT'S THE BIKES FOR ME—WHAT A THRILL TO OWN ONE LIKE THAT! I COULD RIDE IT FOREVER. SAY, LOOK AT ALL THE NEW FEATURES. ISN'T IT SWEET! LOOKING? THERE'S A BIKE THAT'S WORTH WAITING FOR."

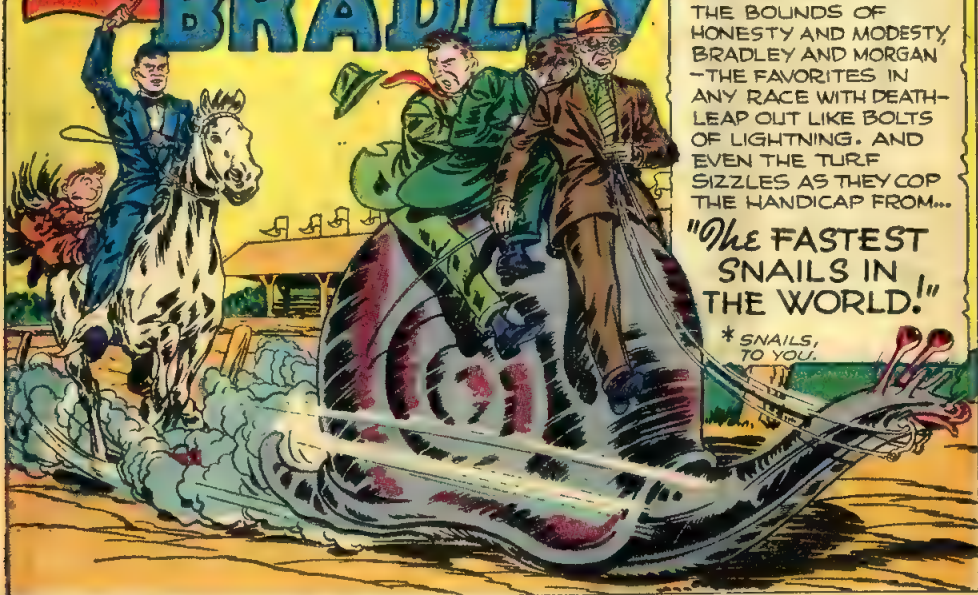
"I'LL BET IT'S FAST! BUILT FOR SPEED FROM THE GROUND UP. STREAMLINED PEDAL CRANK AND CHAIN GUARD, BUILT-IN AUTO TYPE HORN, AIRPLANE HEADLIGHT, STREAMLINED REAR REFLECTOR. WAIT 'TIL I TELL THE GANG!"

"I'LL BET SHE'S A SMOOTH RIDER, TOO! GET A LOOK AT THAT DOUBLE SPRING FRONT FORK, THAT NEW CHROME-TRIMMED PADDED SADDLE, AND THE FIFTY-STRONG LUGGAGE CARRIER. JUST THE THING FOR ALL-DAY RIDES. POP WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT THE INSURANCE, TOO."

WATCH FOR THE NEW 1948 FAMOUS ALUMINUM SILVER KING  
 MONARK SILVER KING, INC., 6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Illinois



# SLAM BRADLEY



"NO DOUBT OF IT, FOLKS...IT'S GUARANTEED. BUY A BOTTLE OF SPEEDO AND YOU'LL BE OUT IN FRONT. FAT MEN FLY AND GASTROPODS\* GALLOP..."

BUT THAT'S ONLY ONE MAN'S STORY. AND WHEN JACKPOT JENKINS OVERSTEPS THE BOUNDS OF HONESTY AND MODESTY, BRADLEY AND MORGAN -THE FAVORITES IN ANY RACE WITH DEATH- LEAP OUT LIKE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING. AND EVEN THE TURF SIZZLES AS THEY COP THE HANDICAP FROM...

**"The FASTEST  
SNAILS IN  
THE WORLD!"**

\* SNAILS,  
TO YOU.

SLAM  
BRADLEY  
AND  
SHORTY  
MORGAN  
WATCH A  
FREE  
SHOW...  
AND  
SHORTY  
FEELS  
GYPPED.

FEELING  
SLUGGISH,  
FOLKS? THINK  
SLOWLY, MOVE  
SLOWLY, ACT  
SLOWLY?  
JUST WATCH  
WHAT THE NEW  
VITAMIN FOOD,  
**SPEEDO,**  
CAN DO FOR  
YOU!

THIS LOOKS AS IF  
IT OUGHT TO BE  
GOOD. WONDER  
WHO THAT FELLOW  
IS...? THIS FACE IS  
FAMILIAR.

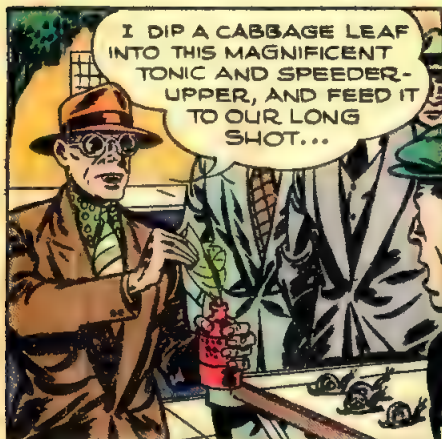
HEY, I  
CAN'T SEE!  
WHAT  
GIVES?

SNAILS!  
HE'S GOT  
A BUNCH  
OF SNAILS!

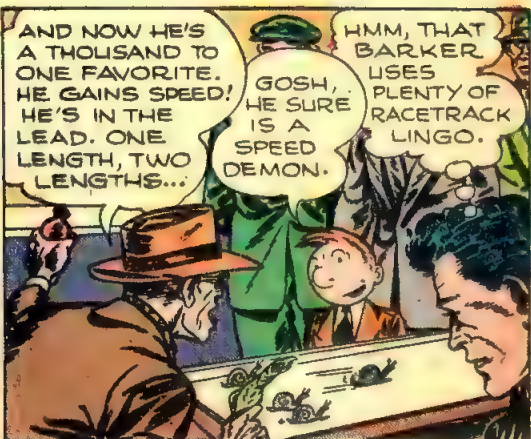
YES, FOLKS, THESE  
ARE SNAILS, GENUINE  
SNAILS IN A RACE.  
ORDINARILY, A SNAIL  
MOVES ABOUT AN  
INCH A WEEK. BUT  
AFTER A DOSE OF  
SPEEDO, WATCH  
WHAT HAPPENS TO  
THE LONG SHOT.







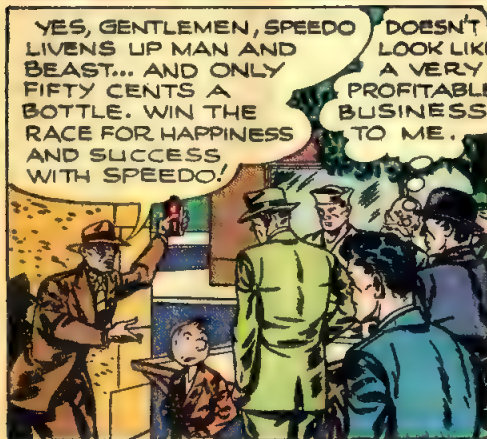
I DIP A CABBAGE LEAF INTO THIS MAGNIFICENT TONIC AND SPEEDER-UPPER, AND FEED IT TO OUR LONG SHOT...



AND NOW HE'S A THOUSAND TO ONE FAVORITE. HE GAINS SPEED! HE'S IN THE LEAD. ONE LENGTH, TWO LENGTHS...

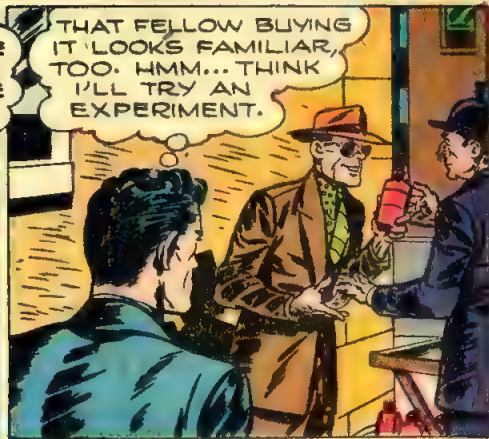
GOSH, HE SURE IS A SPEED DEMON.

HMM, THAT BARKER USES PLENTY OF RACETRACK LINGO.

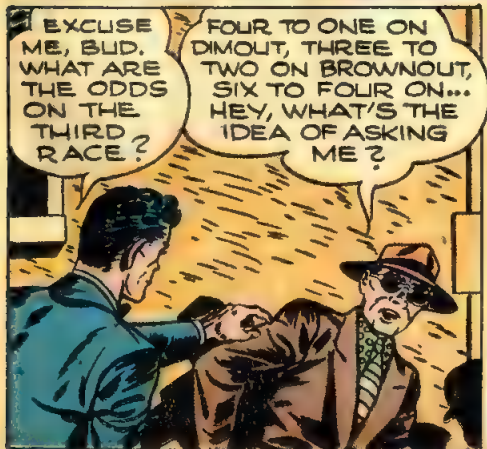


YES, GENTLEMEN, SPEEDO LIVENS UP MAN AND BEAST... AND ONLY FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. WIN THE RACE FOR HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS WITH SPEEDO!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS TO ME.

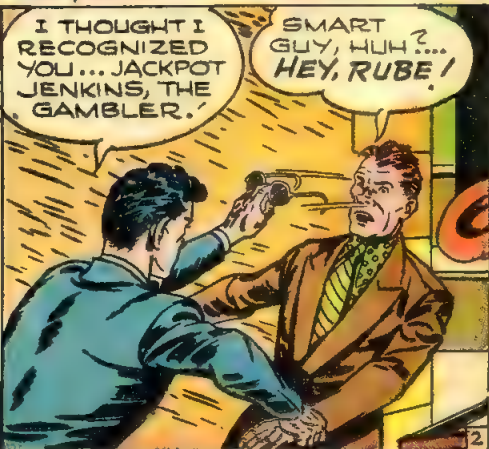


THAT FELLOW BUYING IT LOOKS FAMILIAR, TOO. Hmm... THINK I'LL TRY AN EXPERIMENT.



EXCUSE ME, BUD. WHAT ARE THE ODDS ON THE THIRD RACE?

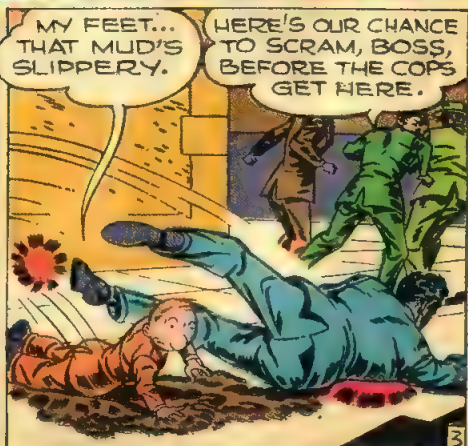
FOUR TO ONE ON DIMOUT, THREE TO TWO ON BROWNOUT, SIX TO FOUR ON... HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ASKING ME?



I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOU... JACKPOT JENKINS, THE GAMBLER.

SMART GUY, HUH?... HEY, RUBE!

"HEY, RUBE" IS THE WARNING SIGNAL FOR THE BARKER'S FRIENDS. NEXT MOMENT...







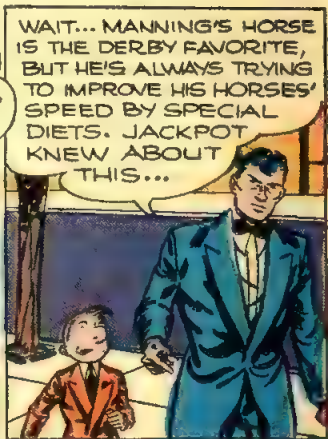
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THE CROWD!

NEVER MIND— WE'VE SPOILED JACKPOT'S RACKET.

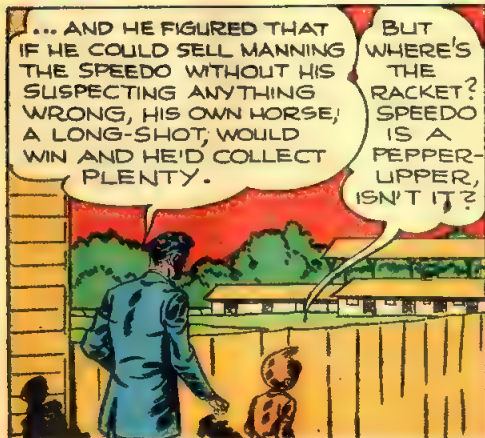


YOU SEE, I RECOGNIZED TWO MEN BACK THERE... JACKPOT AND A STABLE OWNER BY THE NAME OF MANNING. MANNING'S THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE SPEEDO.

SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

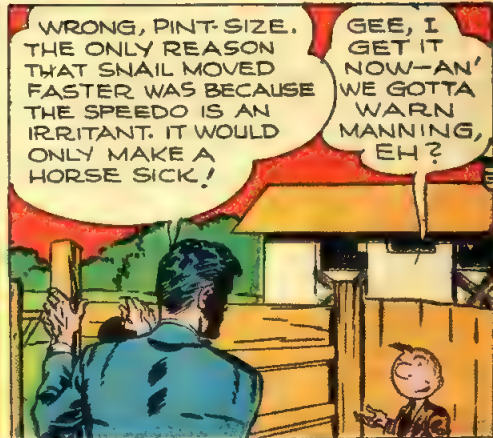


WAIT... MANNING'S HORSE IS THE DERBY FAVORITE, BUT HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPROVE HIS HORSES' SPEED BY SPECIAL DIETS. JACKPOT KNEW ABOUT THIS...



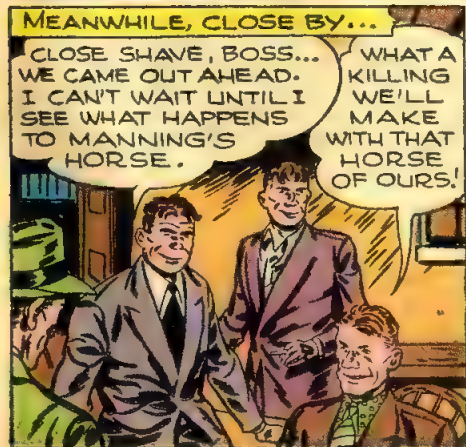
... AND HE FIGURED THAT IF HE COULD SELL MANNING THE SPEEDO WITHOUT HIS SUSPECTING ANYTHING WRONG, HIS OWN HORSE, A LONG-SHOT, WOULD WIN AND HE'D COLLECT PLENTY.

BUT WHERE'S THE RACKET? SPEEDO IS A PEPPER-UPPER, ISN'T IT?



WRONG, PINT-SIZE. THE ONLY REASON THAT SNAIL MOVED FASTER WAS BECAUSE THE SPEEDO IS AN IRRITANT. IT WOULD ONLY MAKE A HORSE SICK!

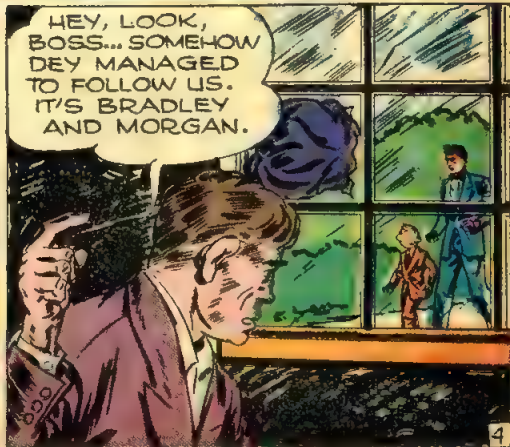
GEE, I GET IT NOW—AN' WE GOTTA WARN MANNING, EH?



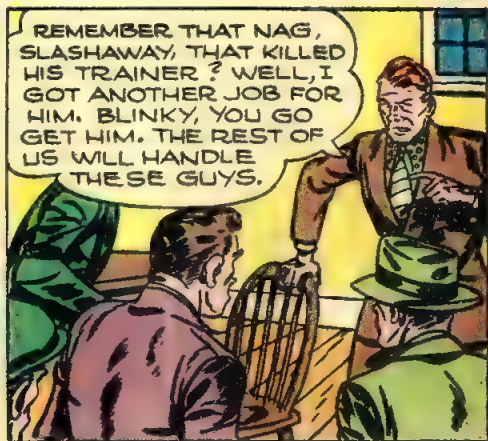
MEANWHILE, CLOSE BY...

CLOSE SHAVE, BOSS... WE CAME OUT AHEAD. I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO MANNING'S HORSE.

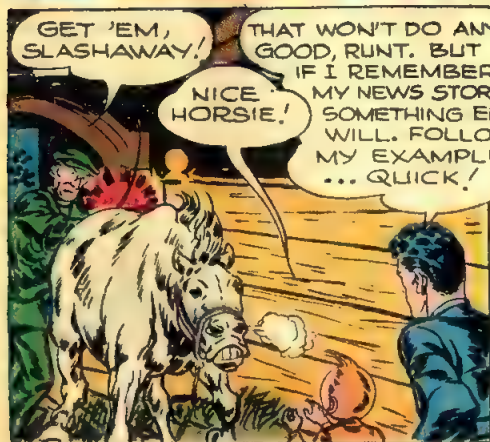
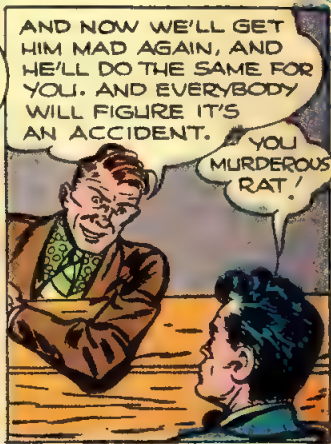
WHAT A KILLING WE'LL MAKE WITH THAT HORSE OF OURS!

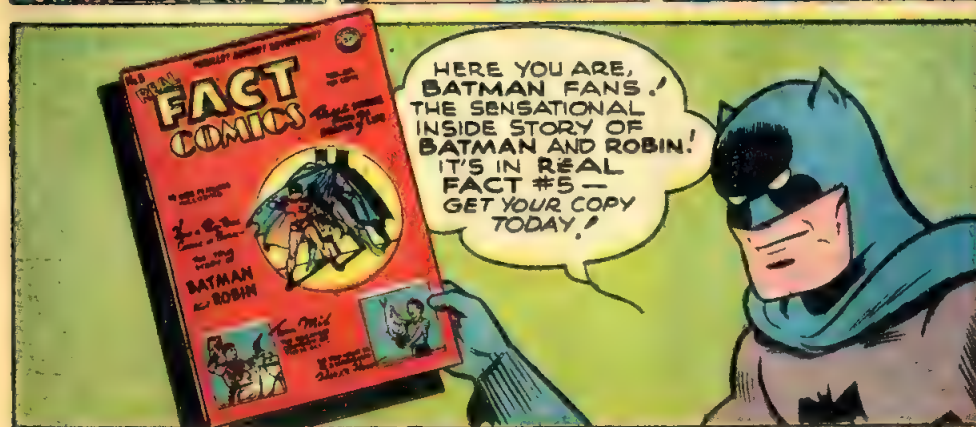
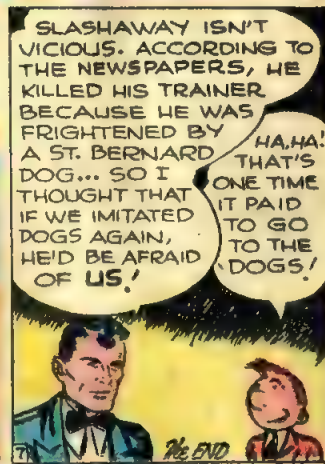
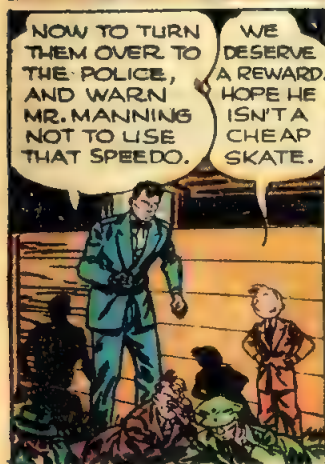
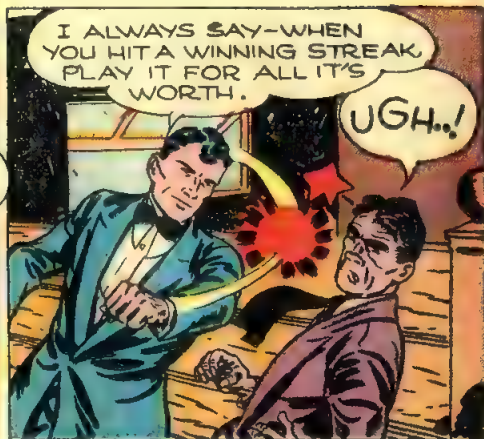
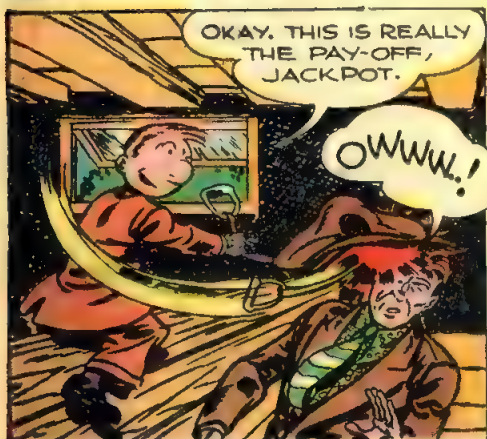


HEY, LOOK, BOSS... SOMEHOW DEY MANAGED TO FOLLOW US. IT'S BRADLEY AND MORGAN.

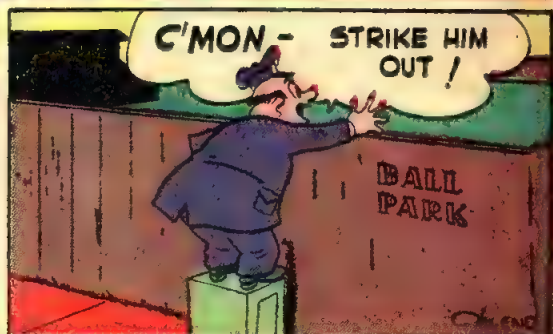
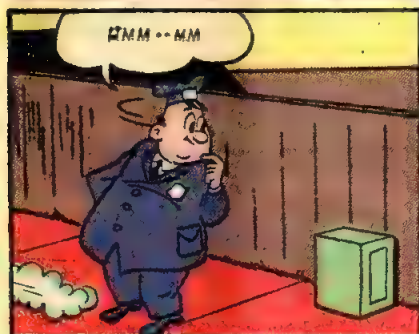
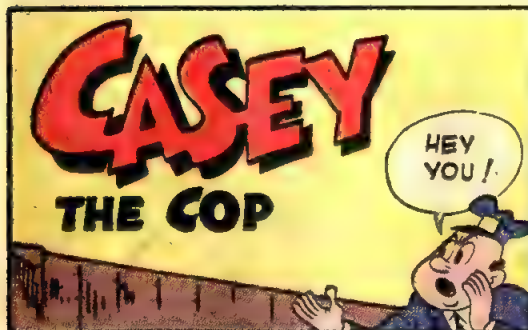




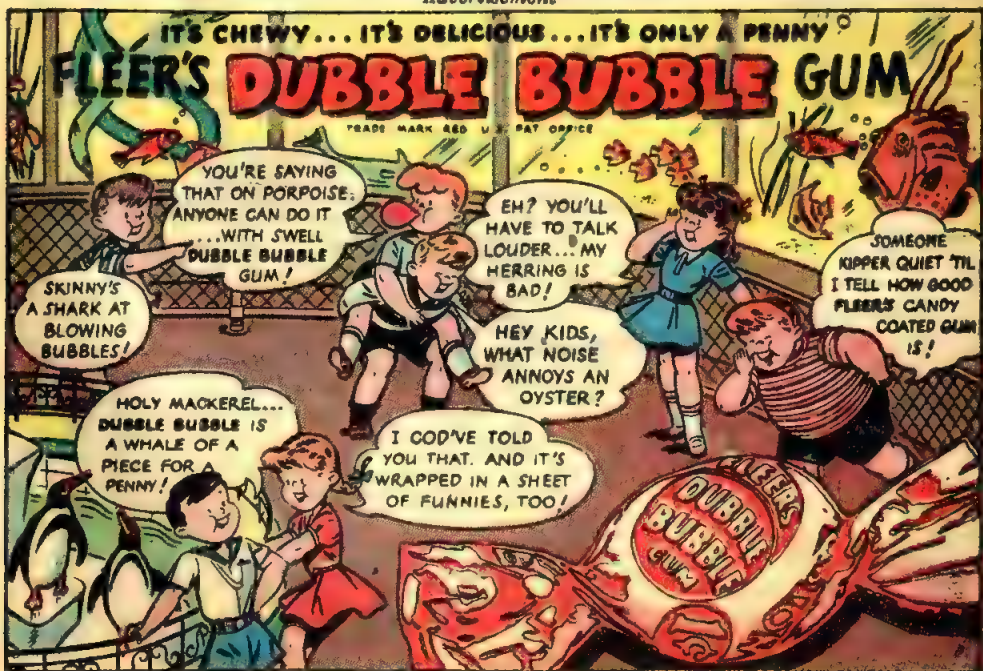








Advertisement



IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

# THREE-RING BINKS

by JACK  
FIER

THE "TOP MAN" BOOKING AGENT FOR  
ALL CIRCUS, STAGE, SCREEN AND  
RADIO HEADLINE ACTS!

HIYA, BROTHER BINKS! YOU  
ARE RIGHT NOW MEETIN' UP WITH  
THE WORLD FAMOUS "SWALLOW-  
OLOW"! THASS ME, THE WINDPIPE  
WIZARD! I GARGLE WITH CARVING  
KNIVES!--AND NEEDLES, PINS, AN'  
RAZOR-BLADES ARE JUST A MOUTH-  
WASH TO ME!--HOWZABOUT MAKING  
US BOTH RICH BY PLASTERING  
ME WITH A FAT CONTRACT?

OUTSIDE! YOU CUTLERY CANNIBAL!!  
SWORD-SWALLOWERS ARE A DIME A  
GROSS!--BUT SIT DOWN A SPELL  
WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT "JUGULEE  
JUGULAR"!--THE ONLY JUGGLING  
SWORD-SWALLOWER THAT  
EVER LIVED!--(TOO LONG!)...  
LISTEN--



HI, POPPSO!--THEY CALL ME  
"JUGULEE JUGULAR"--AN' I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING TO SELL YOU, PAL!--I  
COME FROM THE HILL COUNTRY!

I DON'T WANT  
TO BUY ANY  
HILLS!



YOWZAH! IT'S A LITTLE KNIFIN'  
ACT I COOKED UP ALL OUTA  
MY OWN HEAD AN' I THINK IT'S  
KINDA CLUTE!--COME OUTSIDE  
IN' I'LL DEMONSTRATE!

ANYTHING TO GET  
RID OF A PEST!--  
YOU PEST, YOU!



--ALL THIS HAPPENED ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO WHILE I WAS LUGGING A LAST-GASP CARNIVAL THROUGH THE SOUTHWEST CACTUS COUNTRY--AND I WAS AT MY WITS' END--TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET!

I STARTED OUT TO BE A JUGGLER, PAPPY, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I LEARNED THAT I WAS AMOEBEAMIC!

IN CASE Y'DON'T KNOW IT, THAT MEANS I'VE GOT A LEATHER LARYNX!--... A VERY RARE GIFT INDEED!--... AND I'VE GOT ONE!

I CAN CATCH ANYTHING "OPEN-MOUTH" THAT I OR ANYBODY ELSE CAN THROW! SO-O-O--DO I GET A JOB OF WORK?

--I'LL SAY HE DID! I STUCK HIM IN THE VERY NEXT SHOW AND HE WAS A FOURTEEN CARAT RIOT!!

WHEE! THE BIRD COULD CARVE MY SUNDAY ROAST ANY TIME!--IF I COULD GET A SUNDAY ROAST!!

--FOR THE NEXT EIGHT MONTHS EVERYTHING WAS DOUBLE HUNKY-DORY! HE NEVER MISSED A PERFORMANCE AND THE DO-RE-MI POURED IN LIKE NIAGARA!

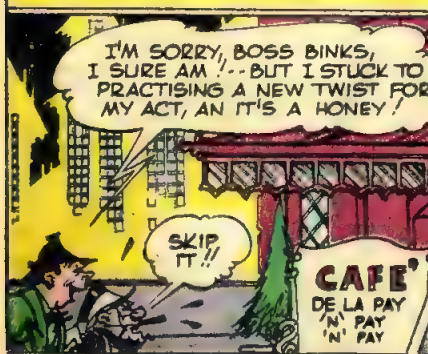
-- THEN IT HAPPENED!! FOR THREE DAYS RUNNING, HE SHOWED UP MISSING!!

OBOY! HOW DIFFERENT A FELLOW FEELS WITH JUST A COUPLA HUN'NERD THOUSAND DOLLARS TO KICK AROUND--

HUSTLE ME UP ANOTHER BALE OF \$5'S AND \$10'S, BOSS! I'VE GOT A LINE OF REFUNDS FROM HERE TO THE CITY LINE!!

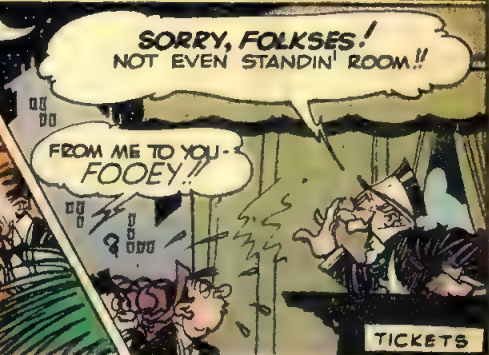
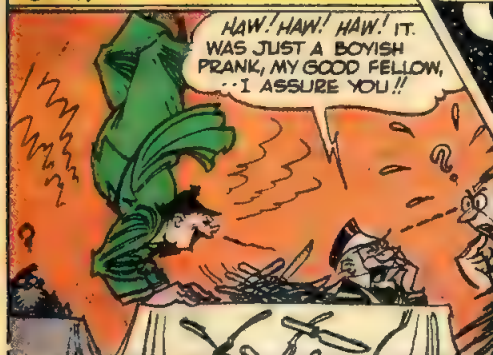
--I WAS FURIOUS!-- BUT HE WAS SUCH A BOX-OFFICE GOLD MINE THAT I HAD TO HANDLE HIM WITH KID GLOVES!-- SO I TOOK HIM OUT TO DINNER, TO GIVE IT TO HIM EASY LIKE!--"

--RIGHT AFTER THE MEAL I NOTED A STARTLING CHANGE IN HIM-- HE WAS TWICE HIS NATURAL SIZE!!



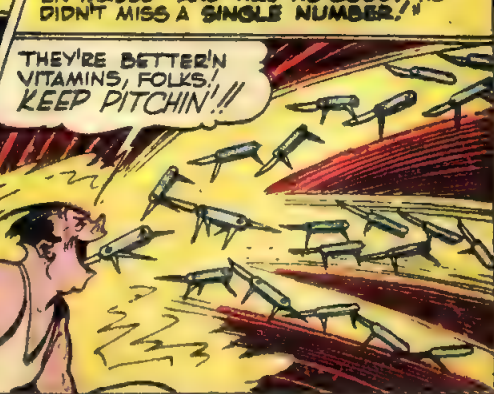
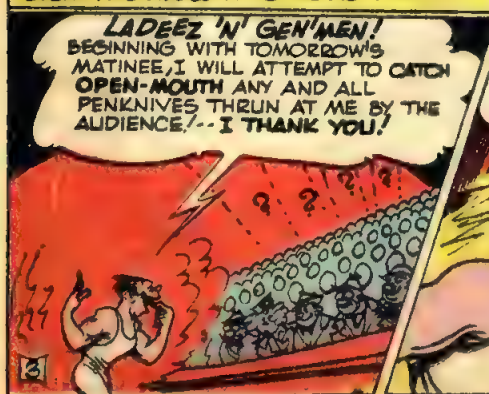
--I WAS SO MORTIFIED I MARCHED HIM RIGHT BACK TO THE CAFE AT ONCE AND RETURNED EVERY PIECE OF IT!--"

--FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS AFTER THAT, HE DID HIS CHORES PERFECT-- AND HAPPY DAYS WERE HERE AGAIN!--"



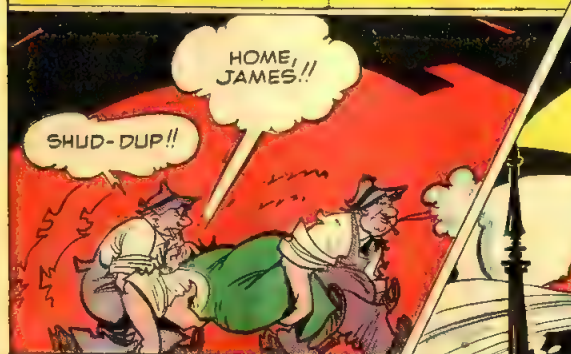
--THEN HE COOKED UP A SMASH SURPRISE STUNT AND ADDED IT TO HIS ACT!--"

--THE PUBLIC TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE EN MASSE-- AND WAS HE GOOD! HE DIDN'T MISS A SINGLE NUMBER!--"



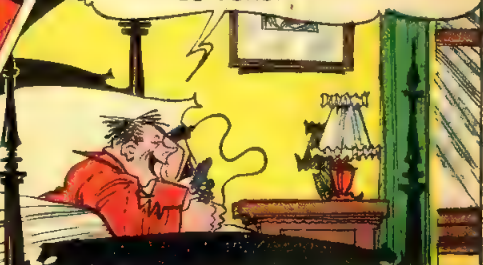


--HE KEPT THAT BIT IN HIS ACT FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR AND BECAME WORLD FAMOUS! I'VE SEEN HIM, TIME AFTER TIME, SO OVERLOADED WITH KNIVES, HE HAD TO BE CARRIED OFF! --"



--NEXT, HE STARTED TO GET UPPITY--BUT DEFINITELY!"

'LO, BINKSY, OL' BOY? --  
YEAH!--S'ME!--NO SHOW  
TODAY, KID!--I'M EIGHTY HOURS  
BEHIND IN ME SLEEP!  
SO LONG!



--THEN CAME THE GRAND FINALE!"

BOSS BINKS, I'M QUITTIN' SHOW  
BUSINESS COLD AS OF RIGHT  
NOW! BROADER VISTAS ARE  
OPENING TO MY TALENTS! SO,  
SO LONG, YOU OL' SCAMP, YOU !!

HEY! YOU CAN'T  
QUIT ME THISAWAY !!



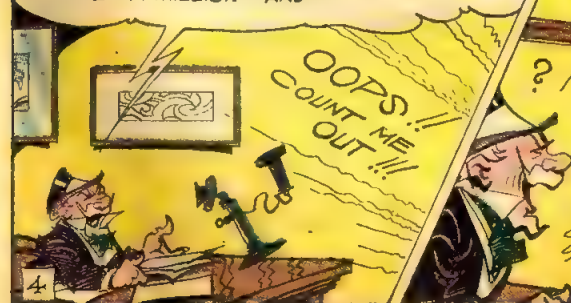
BUT HE DID, EH? WHY THE  
UNHUMAN BIT O' BACTERIA !!  
WHAT'S THE UNGRATEFUL INGRATE  
DOIN' NOW?

WHY, BETTER'N EVER,  
I HEAR, CHUM!--



Y'SEE, ALL OF THOSE KNIVES WERE  
THROWN ON A NON-RETURNABLE BASIS,  
AND IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR HE STOCKED  
HIMSELF UP WITH 29,784,536 PEARL  
HANDLED BEAUTIES THAT BROUGHT  
CEILING PRICES RETAIL---HE CLEANED  
UP A MILLION--AND---

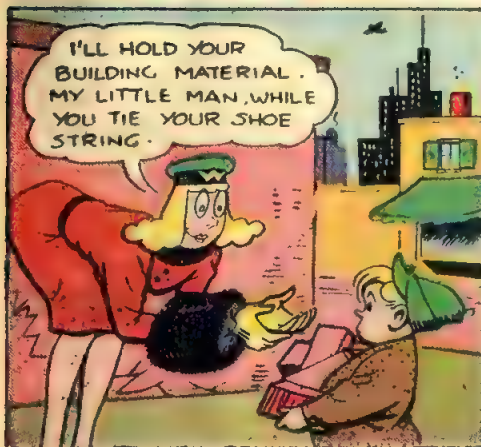
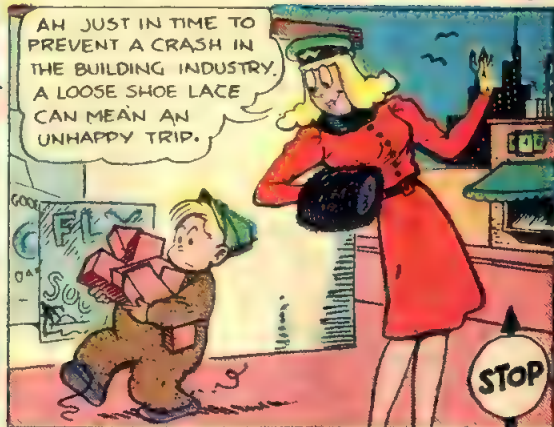
OOPS!!  
COUNT ME  
OUT!!!



HEY!--HEH-HEH-HEH!  
WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?

ON-WAH!--AFTER  
THAT FAIRY TALE, I'M  
GONNA SWALLOW MY  
SWORD-SWALLOWER'S  
PRIDE AND GO PLAY A FIERCE  
GAME OF MUMBLY-PEG!!







# GLASS CLUE

by Tom Neill

**T**HE big black car purred softly in front of Lamback's Jewelry Store. At the wheel, Little Skinny chewed on a candy bar and idly studied the passing crowds. To look at Little Skinny, you'd think he was just a chauffeur waiting for his boss to come out. And undoubtedly the boss was a woman shopping for jewelry and everyone knows that takes time.

And the perceptive passerby would have been half right. Little Skinny's boss was not a woman. The boss was shopping inside Lamback's, but he didn't intend to pay for the jewelry he was selecting.

Eddie the Rock, at the moment, was holding two guns on a surprised staff of clerks. Charlie Still was busy grabbing the emeralds Big Moose had sent his boys for.

Big Moose had cased the place prettily.

Big Moose knew that at lunchtime, Lamback's seldom did much business. The sales staff was also temporarily depleted. Also, Big Moose knew the location of every alarm in the place. Charlie Still had already cut the wires.

Now, Charlie Still said: "Okay, Eddie. Leave us go."

They moved out fast and got into the car. It was a full two minutes before a clerk could get to the door. With excellent forethought, Big Moose had supplied his boys with a tear gas bomb.

Little Skinny tooted the huge limousine expertly through the traffic. He was making time, though it did not appear so. Actually, Little Skinny had nothing to fear. The clerks wouldn't be able to identify the car.

Thirty minutes later, the boys were in Big Moose's hotel suite. The big boy was de-

lighted with the haul. "Fellers," he said, "I am proud of you!"

They all glowed under this praise, particularly Little Skinny. He knew the rest of the gang didn't think he was so bright. But just the same it took brains to move that car through traffic the way he had!

Big Moose puffed on a large Havana. From a desk drawer he drew out an ordinary shoe box. The boys looked at one another. What now? The boss sensed their anxiety and smiled.

"Let's have them emeralds, boys," he said. From another drawer he drew out a wad of cotton. The boys' eyes widened as they saw him carefully pack the loot.

"Don't think we're not going to have a visit from Detective Dan Kelly, boys," Big Moose said. "We are." He spoke a little pridefully. "If I do say so myself, it would take an ace jewel detective like Kelly to realize this is one of Big Moose's jobs." He spread his hands expressively. "So the first thing we do is cache this glass."

It was Eddie the Rock who caught on first. He saw Big Moose addressing the wrapper on the box. "You mean you're going to mail it someplace, boss."

"Exactly, Eddie," said Big Moose. "I have acquired this mailing address out of town, and in a few weeks, when the heat goes off, we will pick up this glass and scam."

Charlie Still said enthusiastically: "It's a masterpiece, boss, that's what it is!" he guffawed. "Wait'll Kelly tries to pin this one on us!"

"You said it," chortled Little Skinny. He looked excitedly at Big Moose. "Kin I take it to the post office, Boss, kin I?"

Big Moose's forehead puckered. He liked

Little Skinny and, after all, the lad couldn't go wrong just parcel-posting a package. He had intended to send Eddie the Rock. But, oh, well—

"Sure, Little Skinny," he said. "You go out the back way and be careful. That glass is worth two hundred grand." He reached into his pocket, pulled out a bill. "Here, that'll take care of the expense."

"Gee, thanks, Boss." Little Skinny hugged the precious parcel to his thin chest. Those other fellers, he bet, were plenty envious of him.

The door had scarcely closed behind little Skinny when the front door bell rang. Big Moose looked at the boys. "Kelly."

It was. Detective Dan Kelly, his Irish face creased by a broad, boyish grin came in. He looked at Big Moose and his henchmen, then spoke to the former. "Well, well, quite a house party, Big Moose. And where's Little Skinny?"

"I sent him on an errand. What can I do for you, Kelly?"

Dan bit off the end of a cigar. Before answering, he lighted it, exhaled a mouthful of smoke. "I don't suppose you heard Lambach's had a daring holdup pulled in it less than an hour ago?"

"No," said Big Moose, feigning surprise. "Say, that gang must have been plenty tough! It'd take lots of courage to do that job?" He appeared genuinely concerned. "They get away with much, Kelly?"

"About two hundred thousand dollars worth of emeralds," answered Kelly. "But you haven't answered my question, Big Moose."

"Now you don't think we did it, Kelly, do you?" asked Big Moose aggrievedly. "Why me and the boys have been here most of the day. I don't think—"

"Somebody dropped a tear gas bomb to cover up the escape," the detective said evenly, "and that's part of your technique.

Remember the five year stretch you did?"

"I told you that was in the past, Kelly." Big Moose's face was flushed. He didn't like to be reminded of that unfortunate slip. "Me and the boys have been going straight for a long time."

"Waiting for this chance," Kelly said evenly.

Big Moose didn't reply. He puffed on the Havana. It was well-planned this time. Kelly would never get the score on this job. By now, Little Skinny had the package in the post office. And just let Kelly tamper with the mails; yes, just let him!

The front doorbell rang. Big Moose smiled. That would be Little Skinny. "Let Little Skinny in," he said to Charlie Still.

Charlie Still went to the door, opened it. There was a stranger there, and in the man's hand was the shoebox, the wrapping torn off.

"I'm a Postal Inspector," he said, "and I'd like to ask about these." He took off the cover revealing the emeralds.

Dan Kelly was already on his feet, a gun in his hand. "I'm Kelly of the city police, Inspector," he said. "Maybe I can help you. What happened?"

The Postal Inspector said. "Some dope in a chauffeur's uniform brought this package to the parcel post window. He said it contained glass and when the clerk asked how much he wanted to insure it for the guy said two hundred thousand dollars." He scratched his head. "So we thought we'd better open it. I wanted to see what kind of glass could be worth that much dough!"

Dan Kelly grinned broadly. He waved his gun at the boys. "Let's go, fellows," he said, "I'd be happy to offer you the courtesy of a police department car." He put the box under his arm. "We can pick Little Skinny up on the way, can't we, Inspector?"

The Postal Inspector nodded. "Sure," he said, "if he hasn't stolen the postoffice?"



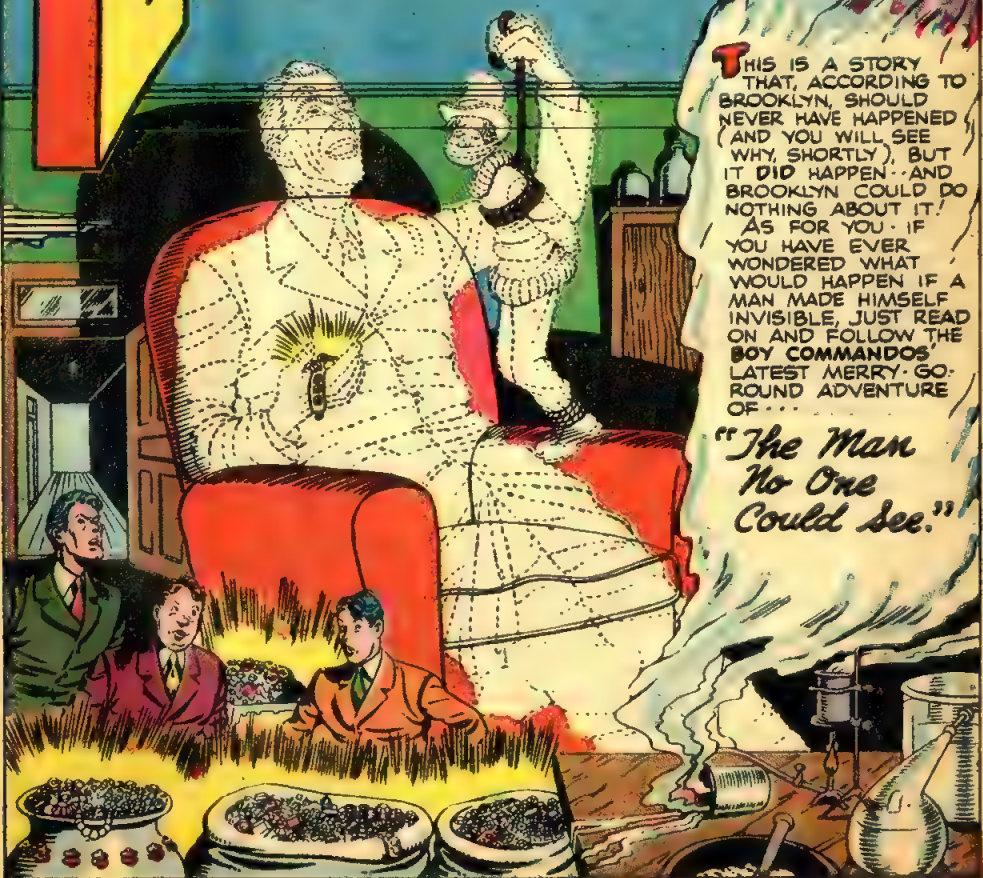


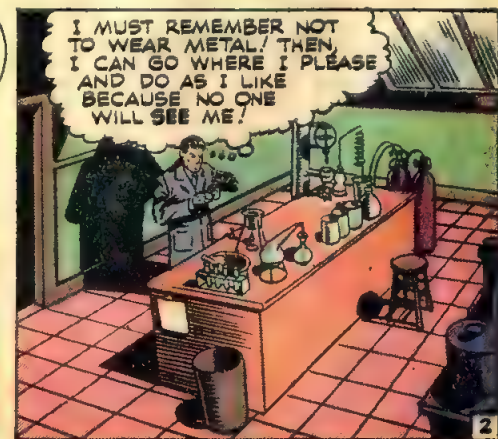
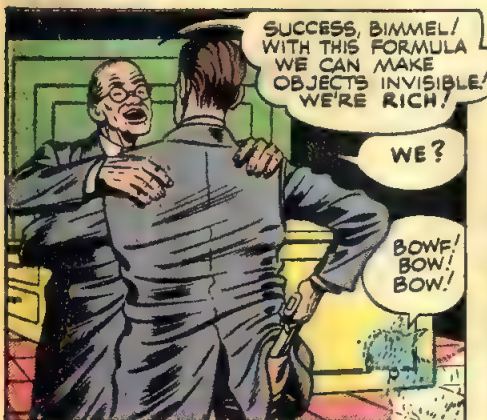
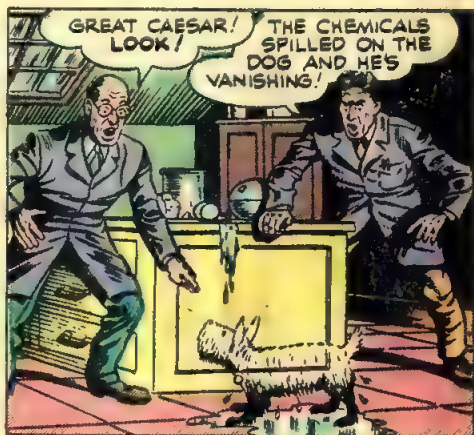
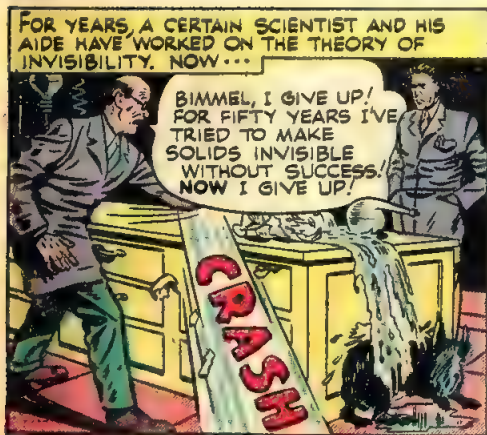
The

# BOY COMMANDOS

**T**HIS IS A STORY THAT, ACCORDING TO BROOKLYN, SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED (AND YOU WILL SEE WHY, SHORTLY), BUT IT DID HAPPEN—AND BROOKLYN COULD DO NOTHING ABOUT IT! AS FOR YOU—IF YOU HAVE EVER WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A MAN MADE HIMSELF INVISIBLE, JUST READ ON AND FOLLOW THE BOY COMMANDOS' LATEST MERRY-GO-ROUND ADVENTURE OF...

*"The Man  
No One  
Could See."*





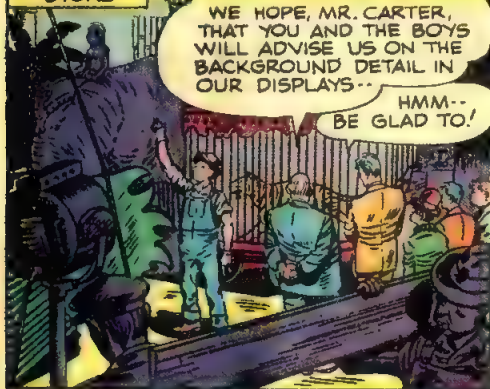




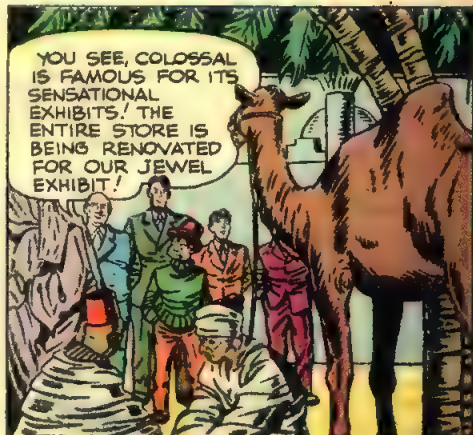
MEANWHILE, AT THE COLOSSAL DEPARTMENT STORE --

WE HOPE, MR. CARTER, THAT YOU AND THE BOYS WILL ADVISE US ON THE BACKGROUND DETAIL IN OUR DISPLAYS--

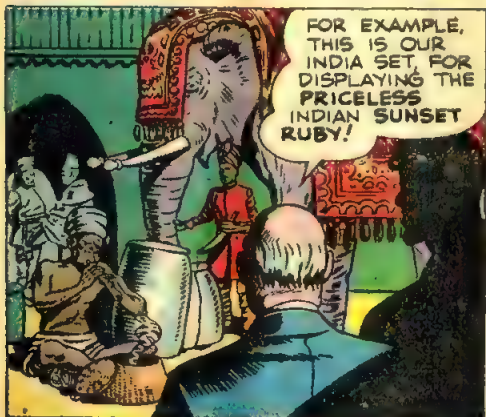
HMM--  
BE GLAD TO!



YOU SEE, COLOSSAL IS FAMOUS FOR ITS SENSATIONAL EXHIBITS. THE ENTIRE STORE IS BEING RENOVATED FOR OUR JEWEL EXHIBIT!

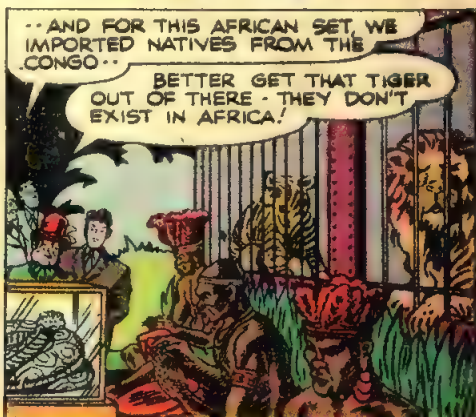


FOR EXAMPLE, THIS IS OUR INDIA SET, FOR DISPLAYING THE PRICELESS INDIAN SUNSET RUBY!

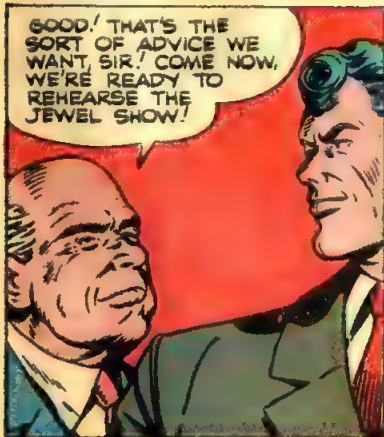


--AND FOR THIS AFRICAN SET, WE IMPORTED NATIVES FROM THE CONGO--

BETTER GET THAT TIGER OUT OF THERE - THEY DON'T EXIST IN AFRICA!



GOOD! THAT'S THE SORT OF ADVICE WE WANT, SIR! COME NOW, WE'RE READY TO REHEARSE THE JEWEL SHOW!

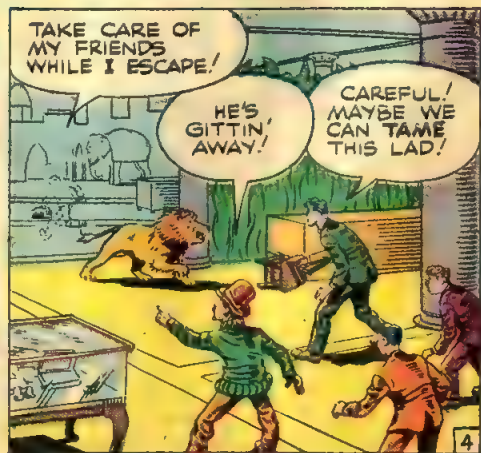
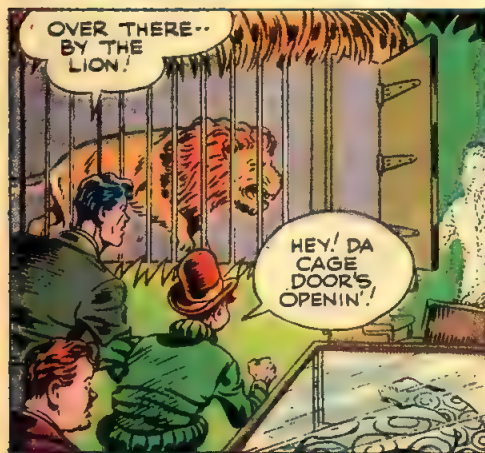
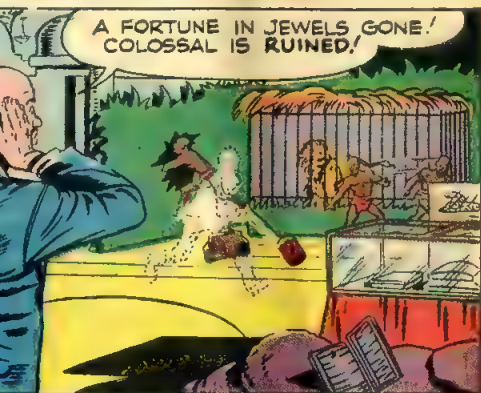
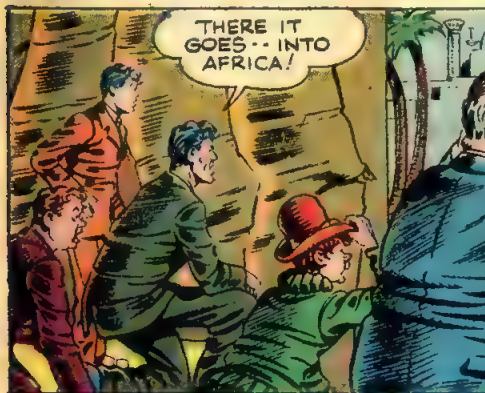
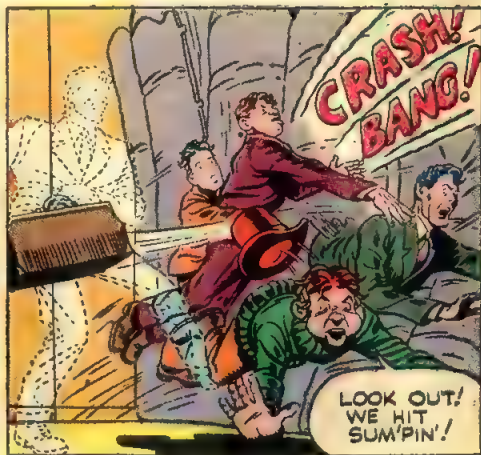
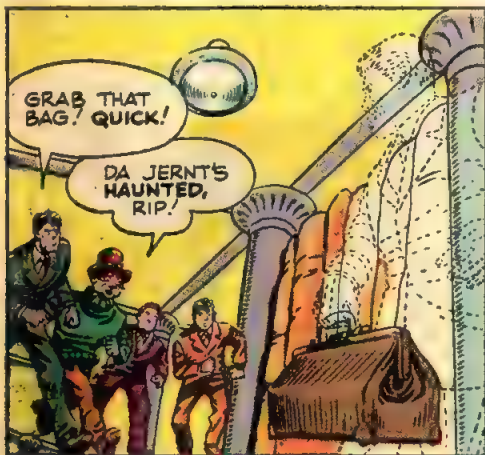


BUT HERE IS AN ACT COLOSSAL DIDN'T PLAN ON--

MY WORD! WHAT IS THIS?

SOMEBODY--OR SOMETHING IS STEALING YOUR MONGOLIAN DIAMONDS!







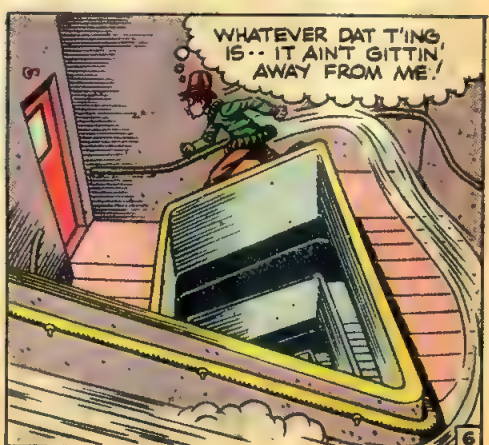
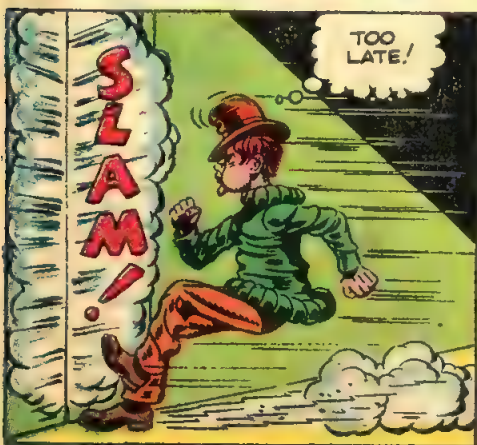
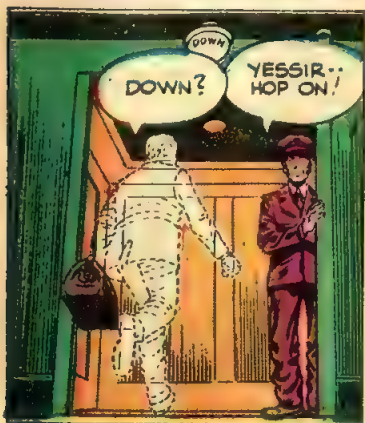
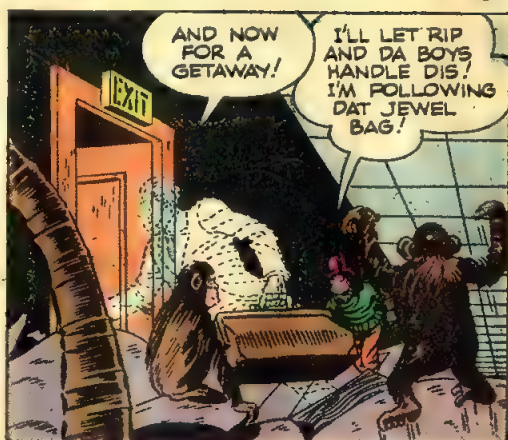
FUN! WHAT FUN!  
AND ALL THE  
WEALTH I WANT!  
HA, HA!

COME OUT, LITTLE  
KITTY! IT'S A SHAME  
TO KEEP YOU CAGED!

SOON, THE FLOOR SEETHES WITH FIGHTING ANIMALS!

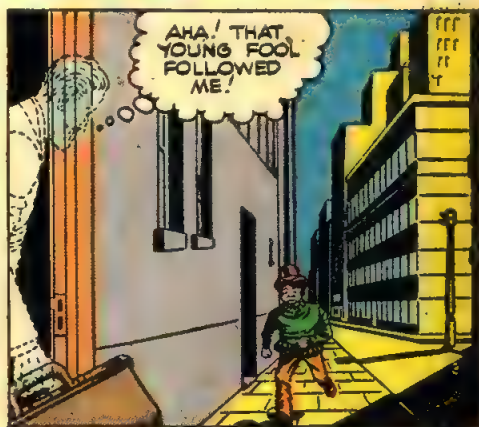
NOW FOR  
A PARTING  
GESTURE!

C'MON, SNAKE!  
I AIN'T (GULP)  
SKEERED  
O' YOUSE!





MEANWHILE, IN THE STORE LOBBY...



LATER, AS BROOKLYN COMES TO--

HEY! WOT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO ME? I  
FEEL FUNNY!

I'VE MADE YOU  
INVISIBLE,  
LITTLE ONE!  
AND FOR  
GOOD  
REASONS!

SO! YER A  
INVISIBLE  
GUY!

YES! AND I NEED A  
PARTNER THAT NO  
ONE CAN SEE! I  
WILL FORCE YOU  
TO WORK WITH  
ME!

THIS GAG WILL  
KEEP YOU FROM  
YELLING UNTIL  
I RETURN!

NOW, I HAVE SOME  
BUSINESS AT THE  
ART MUSEUM. I--ER--  
HAPPEN TO ADMIRE  
A VERY VALUABLE  
RUBENS PAINTING  
THEY HAVE UP  
THERE!

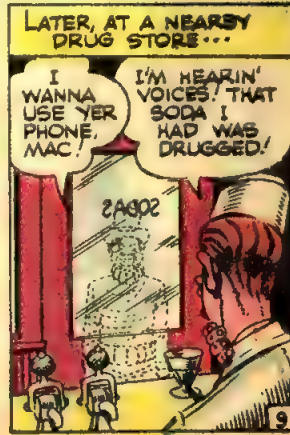
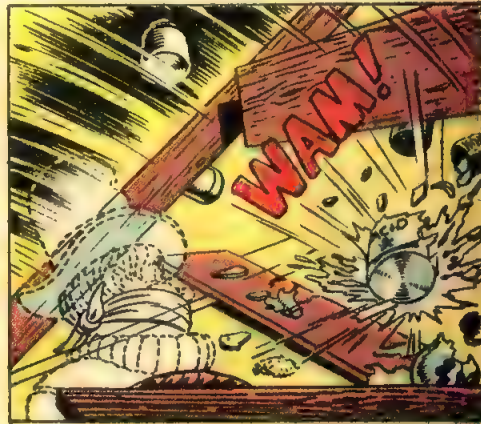
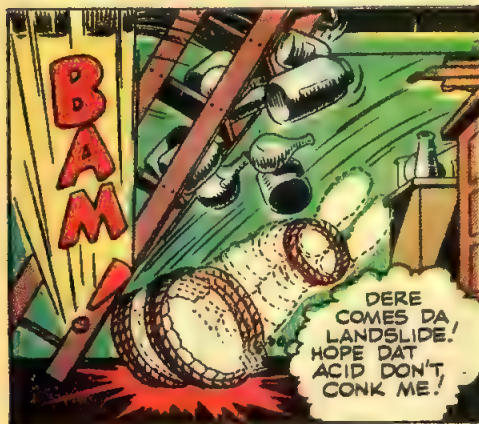
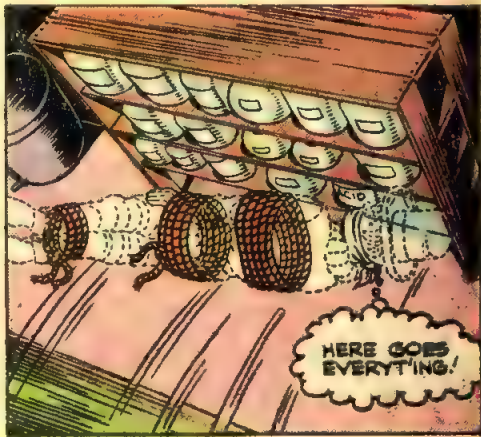
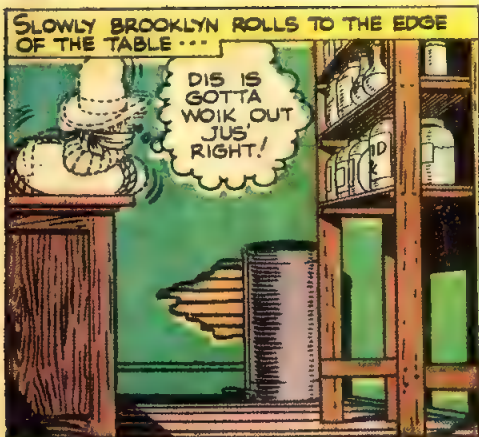
MMMMFF--  
BLUB--  
MMMMFF--

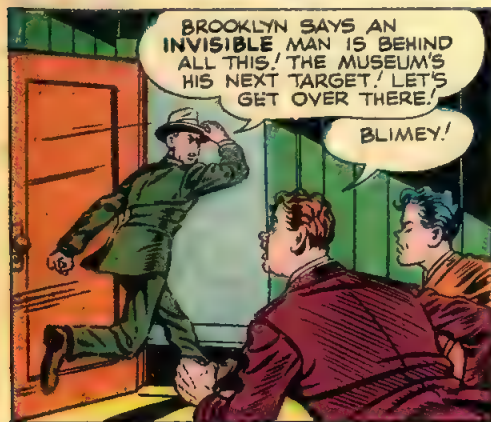
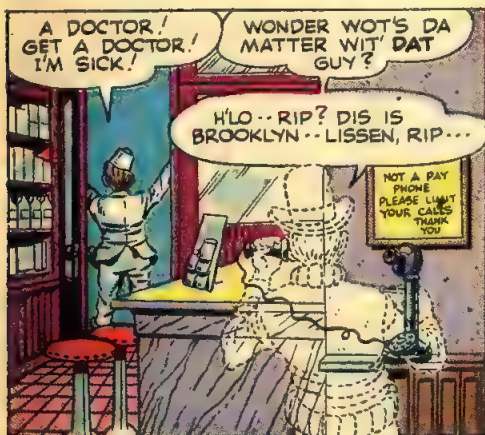
BY THE WAY,  
I HOPE YOUR  
PALS MADE  
OUT ALL  
RIGHT WITH  
THE  
ANIMALS!  
HA HA!  
GENIUS,  
AM I NOT?

AFTER BIMMEL LEAVES, BROOKLYN PLANS  
HIS ESCAPE--

IF ONLY I  
CAN REACH  
DAT ACID!

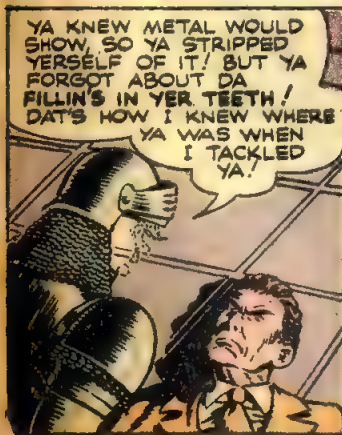
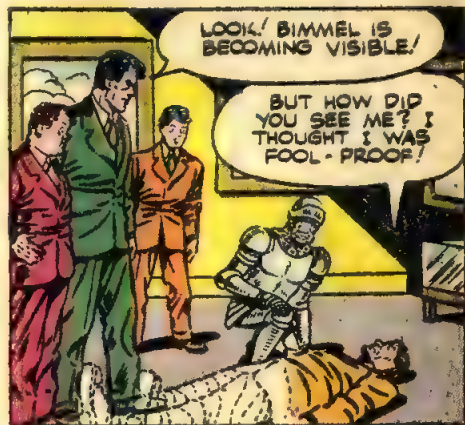
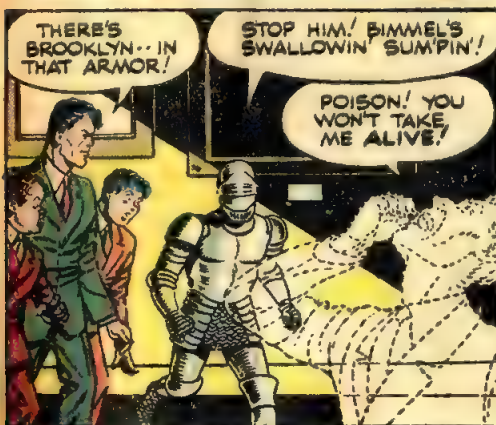
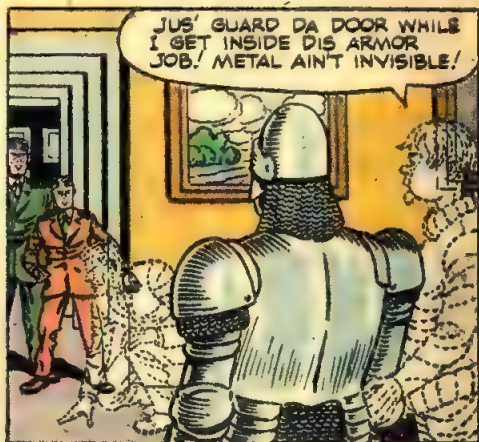
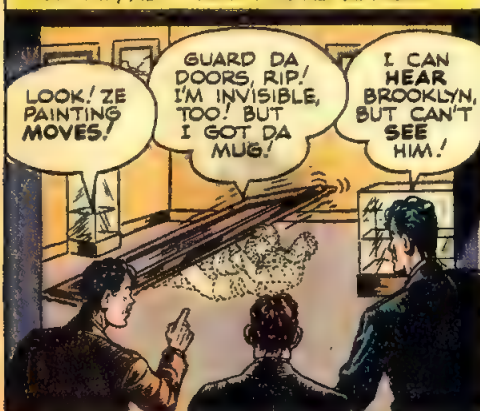








THEN RIP, ALFY AND ANDRE APPEAR...



**C**AN YOU IMAGINE A BROOKLYN NO-BODY CAN SEE ITS INCREDIBLE AND UNBEARABLE, SAYS 'BROOKLYN.' BUT WHAT CAN HE DO ABOUT IT? IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS, YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER--AND WHAT AN ANSWER! **DON'T MISS IT!**

THE END

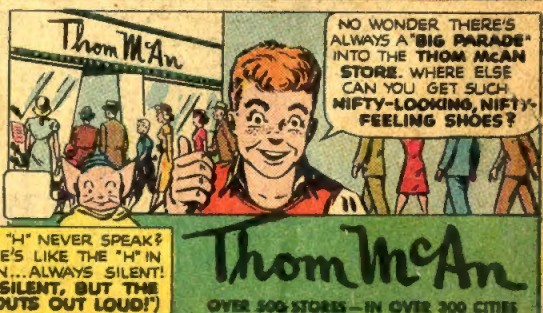
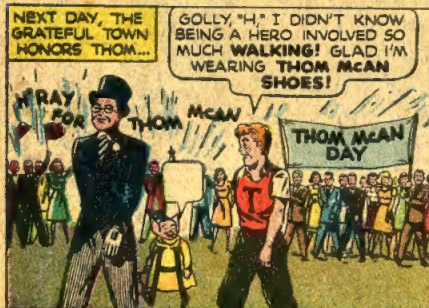


**How THOM McAN**

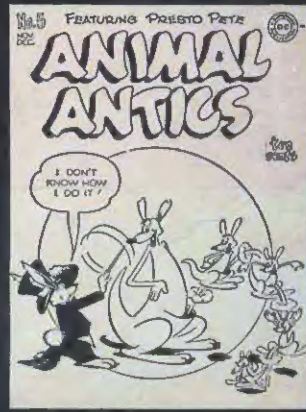
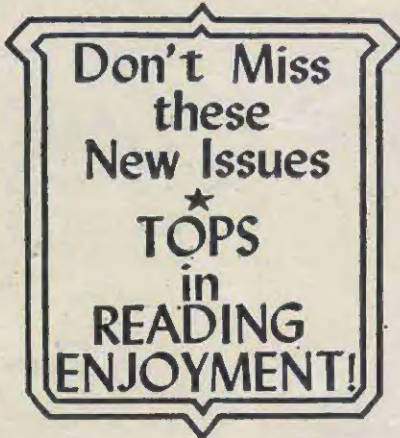
WITH HIS MAGIC

**Licked The LANDSLIDE****"BAZOOKA-SHOES"**

AS THOM McAN SWOOPS BOLDLY ACROSS THE PATH OF THE SPINNING BOULDER, THE **AMAZINGLY POWERFUL EXHAUST** FROM HIS MAGIC SHOES **BLASTS OUT A DEEP DITCH...**







NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE!





# How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG



at night!

... as recommended by  
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,  
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog  
trainer and judge at dog  
shows...and wartime head  
of U. S. Coast Guard War  
Dog Training.



**1** The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered—



**2** Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



**3** Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

**4** For bright light, white light, effective light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.  
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.  
Unit of Union Carbide **UIC** and Carbon Corporation

The registered  
trade-mark  
"Eveready" distin-  
guishes products of  
National Carbon  
Company, Inc.

**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK



For  
EXTRA  
POWER,  
EXTRA LIFE  
—AT NO  
EXTRA COST



Hi, this is another c2c-coproduction.  
The Scan based on a coverless copy, which was sold  
at eBay for only 7 bucks; covers were taken from  
Heritage, ifc and ibc were identified  
by 'Snord' - thanks again; -  
the ifc was reconstructed by 'Bumblebeeman' -  
Thank You. ---  
HOLD ON!

flattermann



**FLATTERMANN**